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SELECTED POETRY.

[From the Union Annual, for 1837.]

"THOU HAST HEARD ME."

Ps. xviii. 21.

"Thou hast heard me, Thou hast heard me,"
In the silent hour of night,
When all was still around me,
And above the stars were bright;
Then, then I called upon thy name, and found that God was near:
Each mortal ear was sealed in sleep, but thine my voice would hear.

"Thou hast heard me, Thou hast heard me,"
In the day of grief and fear;
When wild waves rolled above me,
Thy pitying aid was near;
From sorrow's deepest, darkest gulf, my fainting soul was raised,
Again to peace and joy restored—oh, let thy name be praised!

"Thou hast heard me, Thou hast heard me,"
When sickness rent my frame—
When fierce and strong convulsions,
And throbs of anguish came;
The prayer, I had no power to speak, was glistening in my eye,
And then the hand of mercy came, and soothed my agony.

"Thou hast heard me, Thou hast heard me,"
When my soul, with guilt oppressed,
And a sin-polluted conscience
Forbade my heart to rest;
Then low before thy feet I fell, in terror and dismay,
And soon thy pardoning love appeared, and washed my sins away.

"Thou hast heard me, Thou hast heard me,"
When mourning o'er the tomb
Of one I loved too fondly,
In that dark hour of gloom;
Up to thy blessed throne in heaven, I raised my tearful eye;
To thee the silent prayer arose, and peace was the reply.

"Thou hast heard me!" oh! my Father,
'Tis sweet to call on thee;
When angry tempests gather,
Swift to thine arms I flee;
In thee I find my hiding-place, my refuge and my trust—
A friend all powerful and divine, and merciful as just.

"Thou hast heard me, Thou hast heard me,"
My Father, hear me still!
In hours of grief or gladness,
O let me do thy will;
Let earthly pleasures have no power to steal my heart from thee,
But may the Spirit of thy grace still, still, abide with me!
* * *

DEATH.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

'Tis good to think on death—it bends the will
From that stern purpose, on which man could hold
And yet be happy—we must go and fill
Thought with affection, where pale mourners fold
The shroud round those chill limbs, whose fair mould
Imagined unearthly beauty. Why not bend
With tears awhile and leave that stern, that cold
Contempt of all that waits us, when we end
Our proud career in death, where all, hope lifted bend.

'Tis good to hold communion with the dead.
To walk the lane where bending willows throw
Gloom o'er the dark green turf, ere day is fled,
And cast deep shadow on the tomb below;
For, as we muse thus silently, we know
The worth of all our longings, and we pay
New worship unto purity, and so
We gather strength to take our toilsome way,
Which must be meekly borne, or life be thrown away.

SELECTED TALES.

THE RECRUIT.

On a fair day, nature always turns out hundreds of her best human specimens of unsophisticated workmanship. Did you ever examine the countenances of a rustic group around a stall covered with oranges and sweetmeats—a bevy of rural beauties, besieging the heart and the pockets of a rural bachelor of two-and-twenty. The colour of one [illegible] various as the rainbow—a second emulates the rose—a third the carnation—while the face of a fourth, who is deemed the old maid of her companions, is sallow as a daffodil after a north wind. There blue eyes woo, and dark eyes glance affection, and ruby lips open with the jocund laugh; and there, too, you may trace the working of jealousy, rivalry and envy, and other passions less gentle than love, according as the oranges and gingerbread happen to be divided amongst the fair recipients. You, too, have heard the drum beat for glory, and the shrill note of the fife ring through the streets, while a portly sergeant, with a sword bright as a sunbeam, and unsheathed in his hand, flaunted his smart cockade, or belike shook a well lined purse as he marched along, or, halting at intervals, shook it again, while he harangued the gaping crowd—'Now, my lads—now is the time for fortune and glory! There, by Jupiter! there is the look—the shoulders—the limbs—the gait of a captain at least! Join us, my noble fellow, and your fortune is made—your promotion is certain!—God save the King! Down with the French!'—'Down wi' them!' cries a young countryman, flushed with 'the barley bree,' and, borrowing the sword of the sergeant, waves it uncouthly round his head—feels himself a hero—a Sampson—a Cæsar—all the glories of Napoleon seem extinguished beneath his sword arm. 'Down wi' them!' he cries again more vehemently, and again—'Hurra for the life of a sodger!'—and the next moment the ribbon streams from his Sunday hat. On such incidents turns our present story. Willie Forbes was a hind in Berwickshire. He was also the only child and the sole support of a widowed mother, and she loved him as the soul loveth the hope of immortality; for Willie was a dutiful son and a kind one, and, withal, one of whom many mothers in Scotland might have been proud; for his person was goodly as his heart was affectionate, and often as his mother surveyed his stately figure, she thought to herself—as a mother will—that 'there waana a marrow to her Willie in a' braid Scotland.'

Now, it chanced that, before Willie had completed his twenty-third year, they were 'in need of a bit lassie,' as his mother said, 'to keep up the bondage.'—Willie, therefore, went to Dunse hiring, to engage a servant; but, as fate would have it, he seemed to fix upon the most unlikely maiden for field work in the market. At a corner of the market place, as if afraid to enter the crowd, stood a lovely girl of about eighteen. Her name was Menie Morrison. 'Are ye for hiring the day, hinny?' said Willie, kindly. 'Yes,' was the low and faltering reply. 'And what place was ye at last?' 'I never was in service,' said she: and as she said this she faltered more. 'An' where does your father live—what is he?' continued Willie. 'He is dead,' answered Menie, with a sigh. Willie paused a few moments, and added—'And your mother?' 'Dead, too,' replied the maiden; and tears gushed into her eyes.—'Puir thing—puir thing!' said Willie—'weel, I'm sure I dinna ken what to say till't.' 'You may look at this,' said she; and she put into his hands a slip of paper. It was her character from the minister of the parish where she had been brought up. 'That's very excellent,' said Willie, returning the paper, 'very satisfactory—very indeed. But—can ye—can ye hoe?' added he, hesitatingly. 'Not well,' answered she. 'I like that, that's honest,' added he, 'hoein's easy learned. Can ye milk a cow?' 'No,' she replied. 'That's a pity,' returned Willie. But he looked again in her face; he saw the tear still there. It was like the sun gilding a summer cloud after a shower—it rendered her face more beautiful. 'Weel, it's nae great matter,' added he; 'my mother can learn ye.' And Willie Forbes hired Menie Morrison through his heart.

In a short time, Menie became an excellent servant. Willie and his mother called her—'our Menie.' She loved her as a daughter, he as a man loveth the wife of his bosom; and Menie loved both in return. She had been two years in their service, and the wedding-day of Menie and Willie was to be in three months. For a few weeks, Willie, from his character and abilities, had been appointed farm steward. He looked forward to the day when he should be able to take a farm of his own, and Menie would be the mistress of it. But Berwick fair came—Willie had a cow to sell, and Menie was to accompany him to the fair. Now, the cow was sold, and Willie was 'gallanting' Menie and three or four of her companions about the street. He could not do less than bestow a fairing upon each; and he led them to a booth where the usual luxuries of a fair were spread out. At the booth Willie found his master's daughter with some of her own acquaintances. She was dressed more gaily than Menie Morrison, and her face was also fair to look upon, but it wanted the soul, the charm that glowed in the countenance of the humble orphan.

It had long been whispered about the farm stead, and at the farm steads around it, that 'Miss Jean was fond of Willie Forbs;' and some even said that it was through her partiality he obtained his stewardship. Menie had heard this, and it troubled her; for the breeze that scarce moves the down on the thistle, will move the breast of a woman that loves. Miss Jean accosted the young steward for her fairing. 'Ye shall hae that,' said Willie, 'but there's naething guid eneugh here for the like o' you—come awa to ane o' the shops.' So saying, he disengaged his arm from Menie Morrison's, and without thinking of what he did, offered it to his master's daughter, and left Menie and her friends at the booth. Poor Menie stood motionless, a mist seemed to gather before her eyes, and the crowd passed before her as a dream. 'Ye see how it is,' observed her companions; '*nathing here guid eneugh for her!*—if ye speak to him again Menie, ye deserve to beg on the causie!' Her pride was wounded—her heart was touched—a cloud fell upon her affections.

Such is human nature that it frequently happens that revenge and love are at each other's elbows. Now, Menie was not without other admirers; and it so happened that one of these, who had more pretensions to this world's goods than Willie Forbes, came up at the moment, while her bosom was struggling with bitter feeling. For the *first* time Menie turned not away at his approach. He was more liberal in his fairings than Willie could have been. As the custom then was, and in some instances still is, they heard the sounds of music and dancing. Willie's rival pressed Menie and her companions to 'step up and hae a reel.' They complied, and she accompanied them, scarce knowing what she did.

In a few minutes Willie returned to the booth, but Menie was not there. His eye wandered among the crowd—he walked up and down the streets, but he found her not. Something told him he had done wrong—he had slighted Menie. At length a 'good-natured friend' informed him she was dancing with young Laird Lister. The intelligence was wormwood to his spirit. He hastened to the dancing-room, and there he beheld Menie, 'the observed of all observers,' gliding among her rustic companions lightly as you have seen a butterfly kiss a flower. For a moment and he was proud to look upon her as the queen of the room: but he saw his rival hand her to a seat and his blood boiled. He approached her. She returned his salutation with a cold glance. Another reel had been danced—Willie offered her his hand for her partner in the next. 'I'm engaged,' said the hitherto gentle Menie; 'but may be Miss Jean will hae nae objections—*if there's onything guid eneugh for her here.*' At that moment, Willie's rival put his arm through Menie's—she stood by his side—the music struck up, and away they glided through the winding dance! Willie uttered a short, desperate oath, which we dare not write, and hurried from the room. But scarce had he left, till confusion and a sickness of heart came upon Menie. She went wrong in the dance—she stood still—her bosom heaved to bursting—she uttered a cry, and fell upon the floor.

She, in her turn, felt that she had done wrong, and, on recovering, she left her companions, and returned home alone. She doubted not but Willie was there before her. The road seemed longer than it had ever done before; for her heart was heavy. She reached his mother's cottage. She listened at the door—she heard not Willie's voice; and she trembled, she knew not why. She entered. The old woman rose to meet her. "Weel, hinny," said she, "hae ye got back again?—What sort o' a fair has there been? Where is Willie?" Menie turned towards the bink, to lay aside her bonnet, and was silent. "What's the matter wi' ye, bairn?" continued the old woman—"is Willie no wi' ye—where is he?" "He is comin,' *I fancy*," returned Menie; and she sobbed as she spoke. "Bairn! bairn! there's something no right," cried the mother, "between ye. Some foolish quarrel, I warrent. But tell me what he's done; and for sending my Menie hame greetin,' I'll gie him a hame-comin'!" "No, no, it was na Willie's wyte," replied Menie, "it was mine—it was [illegible]." And here [illegible] sudden unbosomed her grief, and the old woman took part with her, saying—"Son as he's mine, ye just served him as he deserved, Menie." Her heart grew lighter as her story was told, and they sat by the window together, watching one party after another returned from the fair. But Willie was not amongst them; and as it began to wax late, and acquaintances passed, Menie ran to enquire of them if they had seen anything of Willie; and they shook their heads and said—"No." And it grew later and later, til the last party who left the fair, had passed—singing as they went along; but still there were no tidings of Willie. Midnight came, and the morning came, but he came not. His mother became miserable, and, in the bitterness of her heart, she upbraided Menie, and Menie wept the more. They sat watching through the night and trough the morning, listening to every sound. They heard the lark begin his song, the poultry leap from their roost, the cows low on the milk maidens, and the ploughman prepare for the field; yet Willie made not his appearance. Time grew on till mid-day, and the misery of the mother and of Menie increased. The latter was still dressed in the apparel she had worn on the previous day, and the former throwing on her Sunday gown, they proceeded to the town together to seek for him. They inquired as they went along, and from one they received the information—"I thougt I saw him wi' the sodgers in the afternoon. The words were as if a lightning had fallen on Menie's heart—his mother wrang her hands in agony, and cried—"My ruined bairn!" And she cast a look on poor Menie that had more meaning than kindness in it.

They reached the town, and as they reached it, a vessel was drawing from the quay—she had recruits on board, who were to be landed at Chatham, from whence they were to be shipped to India. Amongst those recruits was Willie Forbes. When he rushed in madness from the dancing-room, he met a recruiting party on the street—he accompanied them to their quarters; he drank with them—out of madness and revenge—drank—he enlisted—he drank again—his indignation kindled against Menie and against his rival—he again swore at the remembrance of her refusing him her hand—he drank deeper—his parent was forgotten—he took the bounty—he was sworn in—and while the fumes of the liquor yet raged in his brain, maddening him on and drowning reflection, he was next day embarked for Chatham. The vessel had not sailed twenty yards from the quay—Willie and his companions were waving their hats, and giving three cheers as they pulled off—when two women rushed along the quay. The elder stretched out her arms to the vessel—she cried wildly—"Gie me back my bairn! Willie!—Willie Forbes!" He heard her screams above the huzza of the recruits—he knew his mother's voice—he saw his Menie's dishevelled hair; the poisonous drink died within him, his hat dropped from his hand—he sprang upon the side of the vessel—he was about to plunge into the river, when he was seized by the soldiers and dragged below. A shriek rang from his mother and from Menie; those who stood around them tried to comfort and pity them, and, by all but themselves, in a few days the circumstance was forgotten.

'Who will provide for me now, when my Willie is gane?', mourned the disconsolate widow, when the first days of her grief had passed. 'I will,' answered Menie Morrison; 'and your home, shall be my home, and my bread your bread, and the Husband o' the widow, and the Father o' the orphan, will bring our Willie back again.' The old woman pressed her to her breast, and called her—'her mair than daughter.' They left the farm-stead, and rented a very small cottage at some miles distant, and there, to provide for her adopted mother, Menie kept two cows; and, in the neighbouring markets, her butter was first sold, and her poultry brought the best price. But she toiled in the harvest-field—she sewed, she knitted, she span—she was the laundress of the gentry in the neighbourhood—she was beloved by all, and nothing came wrong to bonny Menie Morrison. Four years had passed, and they had twice heard from Willie, who had obtained the rank of sergeant. But the fifth year had begun, and, from a family in the neighbourhood, Menie had received several newspapers, that, as she said, she 'might read to her mother what was gaun on at the wars.' She was reading an account of one of the first victories of Wellington in the east, and she passed on to what was entitled a GALLANT EXPLOIT. Her voice suddenly faltered—the paper shook in her hands. 'What is't—oh! what is't, Menie?' cried the old woman; 'is't onything about Willie?—My bairn's no dead?' Menie could not reply; she pressed her hand before her eyes and wept aloud. 'My son! my son!' exclaimed the wretched widow—'oh! is my bairn dead?' The paragraph which had filled Menie with anguish, stated that a daring assault had been led on by Sergeant Forbes of the 21st, after his superiors had fallen; but that *he also fell mortally* wounded in the moment of victory. I will not attempt to paint their sorrow. Menie put on the garments of widowhood for Willie, and she mourned for him not only many but every day. He had fallen in the arms of glory, yet she accused herself as his murderer.

Five years more had passed. It was March: but the snow lay upon the ground, and the face of the roads was as glass. A stranger gentleman had been thrown from his horse in the neighbourhood of the widow's cottage. His life had been endangered by the fall, and he was conveyed beneath her lowly roof, where he remained for weeks unable to be removed. He was about fifty or sixty years of age, and his dress and appearance indicated the military officer. Menie was his nurse; and if her beauty and kindness did not inspire the soul of the veteran with love, they moved it with sympathy. He wished to make her a return, and, at length, he resolved that that return should be an offer of his hand. He knew he was in his 'sere and yellow leaf,' and his face was marked with wounds; but for those wounds he had a pension; he had his half-pay as Major, and three thousand pounds in the funds. He would show his gratitude by tendering his hand and fortune to the village maiden. He made known his proposal to the old woman—maternal feelings suggested her first reply: 'She was to be my Willie's wife,' said she ruefully, and wiped away a tear—'she was to be my daughter—and she *is* my daughter—I canna part wi' my Menie.' But prudence at length prevailed, and she added—'But why shou'd she be buried for me? No, I winna wrang her—ye are owre kind—yet she deserves it a,' an' I will advise her as though she had been my ain bairn.' But Menie refused to listen to them.

When the sun began to grow warm in the heavens, a chair was brought to the door for the invalid, and Menie and her mother would sit spinning by his side, while he would recount his 'battles, sieges, fortunes.' And thus, on an evening in May, as the sun was descending on the hills, ran his story—'Fifty of us were made prisoners. We were chained man to man, and cast into a dark narrow, and damp dungeon. Our only food was a scanty handful of rice, once in the twenty-four hours. Death in mercy thinned our numbers. A worse than plague raged amongst us—our dead comrades lay amongst our feet. The living lay chained to a corpse. All died but myself and my companion to whom I was fettered. He cheered me in fever and sickness. He took the water from his parched lips and held it to mine. And, maiden I have been interested in you for his sake—for in his sleep he would start, and mention the name of Menie!'

'O sir!' interrupted Menie and the old woman at once, 'what—what was his name?'

'If the world were mine, I would give it to know,' replied the Major, and continued—'He succeeded in breaking our fetters. We were left unguarded. 'Let us fly,' said he; but I was unable to follow him. He took me upon his shoulders. It was midnight. He bore me to the woods. For five days he carried me along, or supported me on his arm, till we were within sight of the British lines. There a party of native horsemen came upon us. My deliverer, with no other weapon but a branch which he had torn from a tree, defended himself like a lion in its desert. But he fell wounded, and was taken prisoner. A company of our troops came to our assistance—I was rescued—but my noble deliverer was borne again into the interior; and three years have passed, and I have heard no more of him.'

'But it is four years since my Willie fell,' [illegible]

A wayfaring man was seen approaching the cottage. As he drew near, eyes of the Major glistened, his lips moved—he threw down his crutch—he [illegible] to his feet—'Gracious Heaven!—it is himself!' he exclaimed; 'my companion!—my deliverer!'

The stranger rushed forward with open arms—'Menie!—mother!' he cried, and speech failed him. It was Willie Forbes! Menie was on his bosom—his mother's arms were around his neck—the old Major grasped his hand. Reader, need I tell you more. Willie Forbes had fallen wounded, as was thought, mortally; but he had recovered. He had been made a prisoner. He was returned. Menie gave him her hand. The Major procured his discharge, and made him his heir. He took a farm; and on that farm the Major dwelt with them, and 'fought his battles o'er again,' to the children of Willie and Menie Forbes.

[From the New York Mirror.]

THE FRENCH DRAGOON AND SPANISH MAIDEN.

BY JOSEPH PRICE.

A trembling ray of light, traced on the ground by the crevice of the door, indicated the spot to Montefiore, and he tapped gently. Juana opened the door, and Montefiore, with a throbbing heart entered. The noble countenance of the recluse bore an expression of artless curiosity, with an entire ignorance of the danger she was incurring, and an unequivocal admiration of the soldier's manly appearance. He was struck for a moment by the sanctity of the picture presented to his eyes, the result of the admirable harmony which existed between this elegant retreat, and the delicious creature that inhabited it.

The four walls were hung with gray tapestry embroidered with violet-colored flowers. A small chest of sculptured ebony, an antique mirror, an old and roomy arm-chair of ebony, covered with tapestry, and a table with fancifully-twisted feet, a turkey carpet on the floor, and a chair near the table—this was the whole of the furniture. Upon the table were scattered flowers, and an unfinished piece of embroidery. In one corner was a light and narrow couch, on which Juana lay absorbed in revery. Over the bed were three paintings of saints, and just above the pillow was a crucifix, and a small vase of beryl for holy water, between which was a prayer engraved in letters of gold and framed. A slight perfume of flowers was perceptible; a soft and gentle light was thrown from the wax tapers; and all was calm, pure and holy.

The dreamy fancies of Juana seemed to have communicated a heavenly charm to everything around, upon which the impress of her soul was stamped, like the jewel in its shell of mother of pearl. She was dressed in white, and her beauty was her only ornament; she had laid down her rosary to think of love, and would have inspired respect even to Montefiore; if the silence, the night, the hour, Juana herself, her white bed with its snowy sheets, and her pillow the confidant of her confused and soft dreams, had not fired the daring soldier with their united temptations.

Montefiore remained a considerable time standing, intoxicated with a rapture he had never known before, like that, perhaps, of Satan gazing at the sky through a sudden opening of the clouds which obscured it.

'Directly I saw you,' whispered he in pure Tuscan, and with the melodious accents of his Italian voice, 'I loved you. My heart and soul are centered in you, and, if you will, shall be so for ever.'

Juana listened, inhaling the breath of these words, which the language of love made magnificent to her.

'Poor little dear, how long have you been able to bear the restraint of this gloomy dwelling, without perishing by its tediousness? You, who were formed to reign over men's hearts; to inhabit a prince's palace, whose days should be one long holiday, who should live on those joys you inspire in every bosom, and see everything at your feet—effacing each other rare and costly thing by the splendour which can never meet a rival. How have you lingered here so solitary, with only this old merchant and his wife for companions?'

This question was not without a motive, for he wished to learn if Juana had ever had a lover.

'Yes,' she answered; 'but how could you have known my secret thoughts? For some months I have been sorrowful to death—oh! I would prefer dying to remaining much longer in this house! Look at this embroidery—there is not a thread of it that has been worked without a thousand sad thoughts. How often have I wished to run away, and throw myself into the sea, and yet I did not know for what. Little childish trifles, but very teazing, notwithstanding their silliness! I have often kissed my mother, of an evening, as if for the last time, while I said to myself—*To-morrow I will die.*' But I could not do it, because, [illegible] sent to purgatory, and I am so afraid of that, I preferred to live on—to rise, and go to bed, to do the self-same work at the self-same hours, and everything in the usual order. It was not weariness but anguish—and yet my father and mother adore me! Ah! I am very wicked, and I tell my confessor so very often.'

'And have you any pleasures or amusements here?'

'Oh! I have not always been so! Till I was fifteen, I was delighted with the songs, the music, and the festivals of the church. I was happy to think that I was like the angels, without sin, and to be able to take the communion every week, because then I loved God.—But for the last three years, everything has changed for me. First, I could not do without flowers, and I had very beautiful ones; then I wished . . . But I want for nothing now,' added she, after a pause, and smiling on Montefiore—'have you not just written to [illegible]'

'Yes, my Juana,' exclaimed Montefiore, in his sweetest tones, lifting this delightful creature by the waist, and clasping her to his heart. 'But let me talk to you as you speak to heaven. Are you not lovelier than the Mary of our worship? Listen! I swear to you,' rejoined he, kissing her long curls, 'I swear that I will take your fair brow, [illegible] richest and noblest of [illegible] I will make you my wife, and lay at your feet all the joys of the world. For you I have carriages, and a place at Milan—all the jewels and diamonds of my ancient family; and each day there shall be some new enjoyment, some fresh dress—all that there is of happiness and rapture shall be sought for you!'

'Yes,' she answered, 'I shall like all that very well; but I feel in my heart that, what I should love better than anything in the world, would be my dear and darling husband.'

Mio caro sposo! For it would be impossible to attach to any three English words the wonderful tenderness, and amorous elegance of tone with which the Italian language and pronunciation invest these three delicious words. 'In him,' she continued, looking at Montefiore with a glance in which the purity of a seraph was beaming, 'I shall regain my cherished religion in *him*. He and heaven, heaven and him. Will not you be that person? Certainly—I am sure you will! Ah! come, and look at the painting which my father brought me from Italy.'

She took a light, beckoned to Montefiore, and showed him at the foot of her bed a Saint Michael trampling on the demon.

'Look!' she said. 'Has he not got your eyes? And so, when I saw you in the street, the meeting seemed like an intimation from heaven. During my morning dreams, before my mother called me to prayer, I had so often gazed upon this painting, that I ended by making a husband of this angel. But, gracious heaven! I am talking to you as if I was only talking to myself. I must appear very foolish to you—but if you only knew how a poor recluse sighs to utter the thoughts which oppress her. When I am alone I converse with these flowers and these clusters of tapestry, and it appears to me that they understand me better than my grave and serious father and mother.

'Juana!' cried Montefiore, interrupting her, while he seized both her hands, and kissed them, with a transport which flashed in his eyes, was read in his gestures, and heard in his accents, 'speak to me as to a husband, as to your other self; I have suffered all that you have suffered; there is no need of many words for us to understand the past, but no language can ever express the happiness in store for us. Place your hand on my heart—feel how it beats. Let us promise before heaven, that sees and hears us, to be true to each other all our life. Come, take this ring—give me yours.'

'Give you my ring!' she cried with alarm; but it came from our holy father at Rome, and was placed on my finger in my infancy, by a very grand and beautiful lady who brought me up, put me in this house, and told me always to keep it.'

'[illegible],' she said—'take it. If you have it, it is the same thing.'

She held the ring out tremblingly, and pressed it between her fingers, while she looked at him with a clear and piercing gaze. For this ring was herself, and in surrendering it, she gave herself with it.

'Oh, my Juana,' said Montefiore, clasping her in his arms, 'he must be a monster who would deceive you . . . . I must love you to eternity . . . . . .'

Juana was absorbed in revery.

Montefiore thought within himself that, in this first interview, it would be hazardous to attempt anything which might injure so young and pure a creature, whose imprudence arose from her virtue and innocence. He trusted to his features, to his beauty, whose influence he well knew, and to the simple marriage of the ring, the most magnificent of unions, the slightest and yet the most binding of ceremonies, the wedding of the heart. He knew that Juana's vivid imagination would be his best auxiliary during the rest of the night, and throughout the next day. Therefore, he restrained himself to be as respectful as he was tender, and with this idea, strengthened by his passion and the emotions Juana inspired him, he was caressing and honied in his tones. He embarked the girl's fancy in all the projects of a new existence, painted the world in the most seducing colors, discoursed with her upon those household details which are so pleasing to young girls, and entered into those agreements which give a consistency and a reality to love. Then having fixed the hour for their next night's interview, he left Juana happy but changed. The pure and holy Juana no longer existed. In the last glance she threw upon him, in her graceful movement to bend her brow to her lover's lips, there was already more of passion than it is permitted to girls to avow. Her solitude, her wearisomeness, and her work, which were all contrary to her disposition and temper, had brought this about. To have kept her prudent and virtuous she should have been habituated by degrees to the world, or have been concealed entirely from it.

'To-morrow will seem very long to me,' said she, receiving on her forhead a kiss, which was still chaste. 'But do, I beg you, stay as long as you can in the hall, and talk loud, that I may hear your voice—for it fills my heart.'

Three nights afterward, Montefiore, instead of retiring to his own apartment, entered into Juana's, in order to take leave of her for a few days, under pretence of an order of departure which he said he had received from Marechal Suchet, who then commanded in Tarragona.

Juana, like a true Spaniard and Italian, with the blood and passion of both in her veins and heart, was transported by his boldness, which she imputed to the fervency of his love.

To realize the stoled pleasures of illicit indulgence in the pure and innocent joys of wedlock; to hide her own husband behind her own bed-curtains . . . . to deceive her adopted father and mother, and in the event of being discovered, proudly to say to them—'I am the marchioness of Montefiore!' This was a real excitement for a young and romantic girl, who for three years had dreamed of nothing but love, and love environed with peril.

The tapestried door fell back upon them, and its curtain was a veil to their happiness and enjoyment.

It was about nine o'clock, and the merchant and his wife recited their evening prayers: when, suddenly, the sound of a carriage drawn by several horses disturbed the quiet street; hurried knocks were heard at the shop-door, and the servant flew to open it.

In two bounds, rather than steps, a woman rushed into the old hall, magnificently attired, although she had alighted from a travelling carriage all covered with the mud of a thousand roads. She had traversed Italy, France, and Spain. It was Marana! that Marana, who, in spite of her six-and-thirty years, and her dissolute life, was still in all the splendor of that *belta folgorante*—(that lightning flash of beauty—the superb compliment created for her by her passionate Milanese adorers)—that Marana, who, although she was the avowed mistress of a king, had quitted Naples, its feats, and its skies, at the very apogee of her existence of gold, of sonnets, of perfumes, and of silk, the same instant she heard from her royal lover the events in Spain, and the siege of Tarragona.

'To Tarragona; I must be in Tarragona before its capture; I will be in Tarragona in ten days!'

And without another thought of a court, or a crown, she had arrived in Tarragona, furthered in her rapid course by that which is like an imperial firman, gold, by whose influence she dashed through the French empire, with the velocity and brilliancy of a musket flash. There is neither time nor space to a mother; she forebodes everything; and her mind's eye fixed upon her child though poles intervene.

'My child! my child!' shrieked Marana.

At that voice, that hurried entrance, and the sight of that small-footed queen of beauty, the prayer-book fell from the hands of Perez and his wife; for her voice sounded like thunder, and her eyes gleamed with the flashes of lightning.

'She is there,' the merchant calmly replied, after a pause, during which he recovered from the emotion which the hurried arrival, the eager look, and voice of Marana had caused him. 'She is there,' he repeated, pointing to her little closet.

'Yes—but has she not been sick—has she been——'

'Entirely well,' interposed Donna Lagounia.

'Oh heaven! crush me now with thy wrath, at this moment, if it so pleases thee,' cried Marana, falling quite exhausted and lifeless in an arm-chair.

The high color caused by her anxiety suddenly departed from her cheeks. She had strength to support her sufferings, but she sunk under the excess of joy.—'Yet,' she inquired, 'how can it be? Was not Tarragona taken by storm?'

'Undoubtedly,' replied Perez. 'But when you see me alive, methinks the question is needless. Must they not have killed me to reach Juana?'

At this answer, the courtesan seized Perez's rough hand, and kissed it, while she dashed away the tears which rushed to her eyes.

'Kind Perez,' she said at length. 'But have you had no soldiers quartered on you?'

'Only one,' answered the Spaniard, 'and luckily he is one of the most honorable of men, formerly in the Spanish service, an Italian, who detests Bonaparte as he does the demon; he is married, and scarcely notices anything. He rises very late, and retires early. At present he is in bad health.'

'An Italian? What is his name?'

'The Captain Montefiore——'

'Then it cannot be the marquis of Montefiore?'

'The same, senora.'

'Has he seen Juana?'

'No,' answered Donna Dagounia.

'You are mistaken, wife,' interrupted Perez. 'The marquis only caught a glimpse of her for an instant, it is true; but he must certainly have seen her on that evening when she entered while we were at supper.'

'Ah! then I must see my daughter this minute.'

'Nothing easier,' said Perez. 'She is now asleep.—But if she has locked the door, we shall have to wake her.'

In rising to get his pass-key, the merchant's eyes were raised fortuitously to the lofty window. There, in the circle of light thrown upon the black wall of the inner court, from the oval window of Juana's closet, he perceived the outline of a groupe, which until the graceful Canova's days no sculptor had ever conceived. The Spaniard turned round, and said to Marana, 'I know not where this key has been put.'

'But you are very pale,' she remarked.

'You shall know why,' he screamed, seizing his poniard, striking violently on Juana's door, and calling, 'Juana, open, open!'

His tone expressed the very extremity of despair, and froze up the hearts of the two women. But Juana did not open, because it took her some time to conceal Montefiore. She knew nothing of what was going on in the hall, the double door curtains deadening the sounds.

'Madame, I lied, when I said I knew not where the key was. Here it is,' said he, taking it from a drawer. 'But it is useless. Juana's key is in the lock, and her door is fastened. Wife, we are deceived,' said he turning to her. 'There is a man in Juana's room.'

'By my hopes of salvation, it cannot be!' said she.

'Swear not at all, Donna Lagounia. Our honor is gone, and this woman——.' He pointed to Marana, who had risen, but stood motionless, paralyzed by the words he had uttered. 'This woman has a right to despise us. She saved our life, and redeemed our fortune and our reputation, and all we have done is to take care of her money! Open immediately, Juana, or I will break down the door!'

And his voice, increasing in violence, resounded from cellar to garret; but he was composed, resolute and stern. He knew that he held the life of Montefiore in his hands, and had made up his mind to wash away his sorrow and remorse with every drop of the Italian's blood.

'Begone, depart, leave me alone here!' exclaimed Marana, leaping with the elasticity of a tiger upon Perez, and wrenching the dagger from his hands, 'Perez, leave me,' resumed she with tranquillity, 'you, your wife, your apprentice, and your servant. There will be a murder here, and you might all be shot by the French. Have nothing to do with this business; it concerns me only. Between my daughter and myself there is only heaven; but this man belongs to me, and nothing on earth shall save him from my hands. Go, go, all of ye; I pardon you all. I see that this girl is a Marana. You, your religion, your probity, and your honor were powerless to contend against my blood that is in her.'

The door was flung open; and, at the sight of her daughter, Marana forgot everything. Perez, making a sign to his wife, stood at his post. Like an old Spaniard, implacable when the point of honor was in question, he determined to assist in revenging the deceived mother.

Juana, lightly clothed, with the light in her hand beaming softly on her white dress, stood calm and serene in the middle of the room, and asked, 'what was wanted with her.'

Marana could not suppress a slight shudder; 'Perez,' she inquired, 'is there any other door to this closet?'

Perez shook his head negatively.

She then stepped forward into the room—'Juana, I am your mother, and your judge, and you have placed yourself in the only situation in which I can disclose myself to you. You have descended to me, when I wished to elevate you to heaven—and oh! how deep you have fallen! You have a lover with you?'

'Madame, no one should, or can, be found here but my husband,' she answered firmly. 'I am the marchioness of Montefiore.'

Marana trembled.

'Then there are two of you,' said Perez, in his stern tone. 'He told me he was already married.'

'Montefiore, my heart's treasure!' cried the young girl, tearing away the curtains, and showing the officer—'come, these people are dishonoring you!'

The Italian was pale and spiritless; he saw the dagger in Marana's hand; and this was not the first time he had met her. With one bound he darted through the door, and shouted with a voice of thunder—'To the rescue! to the rescue! they are murdering a Frenchman. Soldiers of the sixth of the line, bring Captain Diard here, to the rescue of his friends!'

Perez had seized the marquis, and had thrust his large hand into his mouth as a gag, when the courtesan stopped him, and said; 'Hold him fast, but let him scream. Now open all the doors, fling them wide open, and then get you all gone, I repeat. As for you,' she said, turning to Montefiore, 'shout and call for assistance . . . but the instant I hear the soldier's footsteps, I plunge this blade in your heart. Are you married?'

Montefiore, who had fallen on the threshold of the door, two paces from Juana, heard nothing, and saw nothing but the dagger, whose bright rays seemed to blind him.

'He would have deceived me, then,' said Juana slowly and sadly. 'He swore to me he was free.'

'He admitted to me that he was married,' said Perez, in his grave voice.

'Holy virgin!' interposed Donna Lagounia.

'Will you answer, soul of clay?' said Marana, stooping, and whispering into the marquis's ear.

'Is she your daughter?' inquired Montefiore.

'The daughter I had is already dead, or at the point of death,' answered Marana. 'I have no longer a daughter, and do not repeat that word again. Tell me, are you a married man?'

'No, madame,' replied Montefiore, wishing to gain time. 'I can marry your daughter.'

'My noble Montefiore!' said Juana, clapping her hands in transport.

'Then why did you attempt to escape, and call for assistance?' demanded the Spaniard.

Juana said nothing, but she wrung her hands, and flung herself into her arm chair.

At this moment a noise was heard in the street, easily discernible through the profound silence that prevailed in the hall.

A soldier of the sixth regiment of the line, crossing the street, by chance, when Montefiore called for assistance, ran and informed Diard of the circumstance. This quartermaster, who, luckily for himself, as it afterwards turned out, had returned home, immediately hastened to Perez's, attended by a few friends.

'Why did I try to escape?' repeated Montefiore, hearing his friend's voice. 'I have told you the truth! Diard! Diard!' he shouted at the utmost stretch of his voice.

But a sign from his master who was resolved that the marquis should not escape, the apprentice shut the door, and the soldiers were some time in forcing it open. Before they made their appearance, Marana struck at the guilty Italian with her poniard; but her rage and agitation prevented her taking an exact aim, and the blade glanced off upon Montefiore's epaulet. Still she had given so much strength to the blow, that he fell at Juana's feet.

Marana leaped upon him; and, not to fail in her second attempt she held him by the throat, kept him down with a vigorous arm, held the dagger o'er his heart as if to measure the distance, and then raised it aloft to strike.

'I am free, and I will marry her! I swear it, by heaven, by my mother, by all that's holy in earth and sky! I am single—I will marry her—on my word of honour!' shrieked the struggling wretch, biting the courtesan's arm, and striving to extricate himself from her grasp.

'Kill him, mother,' said Juana—'kill him out of my sight. He is so cowardly and base; and I will not have him for a husband, were he ten times as handsome.'

'Ah! I have recovered my daughter!' exclaimed the mother.

'What is going on here?' inquired the quartermaster, as he entered.

'They want to assassinate me on account of this girl, who pretends that I am her lover. She has [illegible] a trap, and now they want to make me marry against my will.'

'And, can you decline?' said Diard, struck by the sublimity of Juana's beauty, enhanced by the indignation, scorn, and hatred which inspired her. 'Really, you are very difficult to please! If she wants a husband she need not go far—I am here! But, pray put up your weapons, good people!'

Marana took the Italian by the collar, lifted him up, and whispered to him—

'I'll forgive you, you may thank your last words.—But remember, if you ever slander my daughter, we shall meet again. What is her present fortune?' demanded she of Perez.

'She has two hundred thousand dollars, madame,' answered he.

'That shall not be all, sir,' added she, addressing herself to Diard. 'Pray, sir, who and what are you? You may retire, sir,' she said, turning contemptuously to the marquis, who, when he heard the money mentioned came forward, saying, 'I really am single——'

But a withering glance from Juana checked him, and he withdrew.

'Alas! sir,' said the young girl to Diard, 'I thank you, and admire your generosity. But my spouse is in heaven, it is the Saviour of us all. To-morrow I shall enter the convent of ——'

'Juana, my Juana, be silent,' cried her mother, imploringly, and pressing her to her bosom. 'Who are you, sir?' she again inquired of the Provencal.

'At present,' said he, 'I am only a quartermaster in the six regiment of the line. But, for such a woman, I feel the heart to become a marechal of France. My name is Pierre-Francois Diard. My father was provost of the merchants of Thoulouse; so you see I am not . . . . . .'

'Ah, you are an honest man, and that's enough,' interrupted Marana. 'If you can make yourself agreeable to the Signora Juan de Mancini, you may both be happy.'

'Juana,' continued she, in a serious tone, 'you will become the wife of this brave and worthy man, and the greatest happiness I can wish you is, that we may never see each other again,' and her tears flowed abundantly. 'Poor child—you might have been happy in your cell—more than you think. Let it be your business that she has never cause to regret it,' concluded she, as she bowed to her future son-in-law, and quitted the apartment.

[From the Monument.]

HERBERT HARRIS.

BY J. N. M'JILTON.

Earth—though it be the Bow'ry area
Of our mortal being—and lighted up
By the glittering flame of Philosophy,
That like a moral sun is pouring beams
Of light effulgent, on its blooming breast;
Without that lamp of brilliancy and truth—
The glorious Revelation, God hath given,
Would be a night of dismal darkness—

Is there hope for the bright foliage that summer has left upon the forest, when the fall wind comes, and sweeps it from the towering branches that gave it strength and beauty, and [illegible] the cold earth to wither in the winter's desolation?

Can the lovely spring flower, gather up its fragments that have been blown from its stem, and sprinkled upon the place where it flourished, and put forth in freshness and beauty, when another spring decorates the hemisphere in the blooming livery of nature?

Alas! for the foliage and the flower, when the keen blast seperates them from the stem and the branches that nourished them—they pass away forever—and spring and bloom return upon the world, and enliven it with other foliage, and other flowers—but the wasted beauties of by-gone years are forgotten—they are, as though they had not been.

Not unlike the foliage of forest, and the lovely spring flower is the light heart that comes up, fresh from youth—full of strength and vigor, and exulting in the pride of its excellence. In the majesty of innocence, it starts forth, and while the world is new, and the soft summer winds are odoured with unnumbered sweets, it spreads its inexperienced wings—that waft, as it were on incense, and for a brief period, it lives, and breathes, and moves upon the bosom of the perfumed breeze.

To rob that heart of its hope and happiness, would be the business of a fiend; and the minion of darkness, that wanders in tangible deformity upon the world; would seek to do the deed in secret. No being of human mould and feelings, would dare in the open face of heaven—unprovoked, to smite the first dream of its prosperity, and blast forever its budding expectations. But such are the associations of life, and the mysterious movings of the spirit of evil, that it would seem, that without the interference of any individual agency, the breath of the pestilence is sometimes blown up to storm, and the wild winds scatter the hopes of the young heart and blight its happiness forever.

Youth enters the area of responsibility, a novice in the ways of the world, and each step that is afterwards taken, opens the avenue to a new experience, and when he has hardly yet learned how to live—the silver of years is upon his forhead, and he is going down to the grave. Could the experience of age be transmitted as the unerring heritage of youth, and could youth improve upon that experience as age doubtless would, succeeding generations, might come upon the stage of life, better prepared to encounter the numerous ills that await them, and without question, they would enjoy a smoother passage over time's eventful sea—for having learned, where the shoals were hid, upon which other hope were wrecked they could turn aside and shun them, and being in a good degree acquainted with the mysteries of living, they could readily veer away from dangers that thickly beset the adventurer upon the doubtful ocean of existence.

But nature's stern decree is—that each one shall be taught in the school of experience—and well it were for us, if even then we could sufficiently improve ourselves in the art of living. Each one, must be his own pilot. Man's destiny in a great degree is in his own hands, he must manage for himself, and if he follow the light God hath set up, though he sail over stormy seas, he will reach a haven, where destroying winds blow not, and where he shall be at rest forever.

The experience of age, though rich and full, can only be administered in the old form of advice, which too often, like the idle winds passes unheeded by. There is a Syren, that sings delusion's captivating song about the ears of youth, and lures him from the converse of the sage, and while the words of wisdom fall unimproved, the Circean accents confuse his mind and unfit him for the purposes of life. Pleasure's false—delusive light, is the star that guides the youthful eye, and binds his full heart in worship to its changing rays, upon the flickering flame his gaze is fixed, and [illegible] it proves the *ignis fatuus*, that leads him on to ruin.

Among the thousands who come up to maturity, few there are whose views of the world, and the scenes and circumstances they must necessarily encounter, bear any resemblance to the essence of their unyielding realities—and be they as deeply learned as Plato or Aristotle, if they encounter and contend with the multitude upon the thronged arena of practical being destitute of sound and right judgment, their career can hardly otherwise than be in error.

It is a great business to give the young right views of things—false impression have filled the path of life with thorns, and in consequence, frail humanity has wandered through many sorrows, to the darkness of the grave.

The early years of youth, are to often whiled away in heedless enthusiasm—and the man is startled and astonished, when the frigid practices of life, begin to operate upon his senses, arousing him to a knowledge of his high responsibilities,—and why? The answer is at hand—he has been left too much to himself—he has placed his own estimate upon the world, and its enjoyment, and that estimate is false, and years must be consumed, *unlearning*, before he can begin to learn. Thus results the most absolute waste of precious—of invaluable time. *The learning of the heart* would seem to be much easier than the learning of the head. But to learn it right—to divest it of its prejudices; and instruct it, that it is its best, and only sure interest, to give up its inclinations to the dictates of reason, and influence of sound judgement—is no small matter. To educate the heart, therefore, is of quite as much importance as the education of the head; the feelings are hard to be controled, and if suffered to continue in the gratification of every impulse—unquestionably the time will come, when they will refuse obedience to the judgment, be it ever so strong—and the result is ruin. To educate the heart is the mother's holy avocation, and if the process be commenced in early years, the rich fruits will be borne through maturer life—and age will bless the deed.

Herbert Harris, was what in life's romance would be called the child of nature; his career to manhood was marked by all the enthusiasm, that fevers the blood of youth, when a strong imagination and acute sensibilities, combine to quicken the developements of character, and give distinguishment to the being they possess with high capabilities and ambitious aims.

At fifteen years of age he was entered at college—his father having determined, that if money would purchase wisdom—he should be wise. For five years he was the wonder of his masters, and the object of envy to his fellow students. Like a 'fierce comet,' that common laws could not control, he sprung upon an orbit of his own, and played familiar with philosophies that others laboured hard to learn. At twenty his studies were finished, and he left the seat of learning, with a stock of classic lore, that would have honored an older head.—His reading had been extensive—the college library was well stored, with the choicest works of antiquity, as well as of modern times—and he had read them all, but there was no *Bible* there—and he had no opportunity of learning properly, his duty toward his God, and the demands of his fellow man upon the knowledge he had laid up in store; to religion, his masters were total strangers, and the morality he had been taught may be told in a few words—it was *to injure* no man.

Scarcely had he issued from the halls of learning, when his father died, and left him in but moderate circumstances, to wrestle with the world, and compete for a livelihood with men, he scarcely knew how to respect: Unfortunately, he knew but little of the manners and dispositions of those, with whom the very nature of things compelled him to associate—and worse than all, he knew but little of his own heart—his head was full of academic requirements, and his heart flushed with the feelings of his proud nature, but he was destitute of a right knowledge of the affairs of common life—consequently unprepared to play his part among mankind. His studies had been from books, and the sage admonition of '*know thyself*' was never thought of—he came therefore, from college, not only a tyro in the worlds's ways, but incapable of governing his own feelings, and entirely undetermined as to the part he was to act upon the great theatre of being. Law and medicine had been proposed by his father, but he despised both professions, and when left without a director chose neither. His desire was to travel, that he might still increase his fund of information, and this he fancied to be the most laudable enterprize he could engage in. Forgetting that his scanty means would soon be expended, and he driven to some expedient to replenish the store, he commenced preparations immediately, for a voyage to the Mediterranean. Hasty—improvident youth! he acted as though he thought the world was his *Alma Mater*, and mankind the *Alumni* he was yet to sport with.

Thus he launched upon life's stormy sea, without a rudder to guide his frail bark upon the swelling waves—had it all been calm, possibly, he might have floated with the unruffled tide and passed in peace away—but life has storms, that dash in mountain terrors up, and wildly break upon the adventurer's head, that rashly moves upon its waters.

Herbert was forced to a communication with men, and he soon found, that they were not all like himself, neither were they disposed towards him, as were his companions in the Academic grove—he saw them contending with each other, and intriguing for the mastery, and even in the [illegible] of their most common concerns, they struggled hard to out do each other.—He soon had enough of the world, and his disposition soured—and [illegible] only proved that [illegible] the same in every place, and that *self* was the idol of universal worship. In a few years he became a confirmed misanthrope, and infidel.

'And felt that he could blot,
All traces of mankind from earth,'

Yes, he felt, that if there were a God—and in the hours of calm reflection, he thought there must be one 'High over all,' and his good soul shrank away from the terrible idea—he felt that if there were a God, he could tear him from his high throne, and hurl him to the deep abyss of non-entity, where he strove to believe, he would be glad if himself could retire.

He gloried in the character he was exhibiting to the world though the impression was fixed in his heart, that he was preparing for himself a life of suffering, and a death of indescribable horror. He travelled until he had beggared himself—then poverty became the worm that preyed upon his strength and ravaged his mental attainments. He found too late that Misanthrophy is the Vampire that feeds on human happiness, and that it was impossible that he could live in the midst of men, and despise their manners and themselves, and be contented, he walked like one distracted and looked on man but to curse him.

'His was the ceaseless, settled gloom,
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;
That sought not rest within the tomb
And dared not hope for it before.'

His dissatisfied condition of mind, wasted his strength until he was but little more than a shadow, and when he reached his native America, after an absence of six years, he felt that there was but a small portion of time for him to remain upon earth. Disease was deeply seated in his system, and his first thought upon landing was, where he might find a place to die. He found it in the public infirmary, and had his mind but been at peace, he might have departed from the world in comfort, for every thing that human hands could do, was done, and the sympathy that hearts could feel, and the consolation that tongues could administer, were offered—but in vain. The malaria of a guilty conscience gathered at his brain, and at his heart, and his last hours, were hours of gloom and darkness.

I saw him on his dying couch—and dropped some scalding tears upon his burning forehead. At the solicitation of a kind lady who had attended him for several weeks, and to whom he had related his history, I consented to wait at his side a few nights, if my health would permit. My term of service was short however, for the first night that myself and two intimate friends attended by his bed, was the last of his life. That night of horror I can never forget—it will long remain in my remembrance, and the death of the young misanthrope, will be a lesson to his watchers, that will last while they linger upon the fast receding shores of time.

During the day he had been exceedingly restless, and it was with great difficulty that he was kept upon his bed, and immediately upon commencing our duties, we were obliged to take hold of him, in order to keep him still. The change of attendants attracted his attention, and for a few moments he gazed wildly upon us, and then struggled to get free, I endeavoured to comfort him, stooping upon his pillow, he stared me in the face, and listened with seeming composure to what I had to say. Supposing him to be quieted, my two friends were about to seat themselves, when a singular movement of the sick man arrested their attention. With his eyes still fixed upon mine, his lips firmly closed and a frown upon his pale forehead, he slowly folded his arms, and elevating his body as far as his strength would permit, he said, in a slow and very distinct tone of voice, 'Can you pour the oil of peace upon the boiling flames of hell to still their wrath? Or if ye take a coal from the damned pit, and rock it in the cradle of pleasure, and say be happy, will it obey ye? Do ye expect to give me peace? Do ye know any thing of my damnation? Do ye know this fiend-like fallen fire into my blood? And if you knew it, can your touch the flames, or bid them cease to [illegible] through my seared system? Miserable men are ye, to minister to the soul—the soul that writhes in its own guilt upon the same throne of the Eternal one—Away, away, ye are mortal as myself, ye cannot reach the deep stain, that a hand in the eternal world is touching—my strength is heavy—and ye cannot stay it. I am not mad—no—no—I've seen mad people—I am not mad—I am perfectly in my senses, I have my education, and'—here with a sudden [illegible] his feet and with terror in [illegible] 'and I am dying like a fury.' [illegible] our united strength was required [illegible] ted creature, to prevent his springing [illegible] of the building, which he attempted with all the energy of a man in health. After [illegible] carried him to bed, where he laid [illegible] perfect composure that we thought he was sleeping. We spoke not for fear of disturbing him, and during the hour from twelve until one, he maintained perfect silence, and we were about to fall into a gentle slumber, when he raised his head, and asked, 'Gentlemen do you know me?' Startled at the question we roused up—before either of us could reply, he repeated, 'Do you know me I say.' I replied 'Your name is Harris.'—'Yes,' said he, 'my name is Harris.' 'Come here,' said he, motioning to his side; we drew near to him, and he continued, 'I have something to tell you.' The blood seemed to freeze in my veins, when he said, 'I am to be damned before daylight, and I will tell you what I have never whispered to human ears. I have travelled—travelling was my God—I worshipped it—it has damned me—but I will tell you,—I was once passing from the Indian ocean to the Red Sea, and near the Straits of Babelmandel with some of the sailors belonging to our vessel, I went ashore and wandered upon the soil of Arabia, of which I had heard and read much; by some means I became detached from our little company, and at night was obliged to make up a pillow of leaves and stretch myself upon the bare ground, to rest my wearied limbs. That night in my solitude I saw strange things—I beheld a shade that has followed me till now—and from that night I date the knowledge of my damnation, I have lived in delirium ever since. O hear me,' said he, lifting up his hand and speaking with more energy, 'hear me for heaven's sake. In my youth I was engaged in a college, and raised like a heathen; I never heard the name of God spoken but in blasphemy, and I never thought of sin's enormity until I saw the figure of a man, whose image will haunt me in hell, I see it now, its palpability is stronger, and more perfect than either of you who watch me; I see it as I saw it upon my flowery bed in Araby, I see the mantle that is thrown aside, and on his bosom there is a deep gash, from which the warm blood flows in a continuous stream,—his hands are scarred and his forehead bleeding—see he touches me'—and such a shriek as he gave I never heard but then; he broke forth again, and raved for about an hour, using most horrid language, and abusing those who had the charge of his early years. We did all we could possibly, to quiet him, but to no purpose, until his strength completely failed, when he fell upon the floor as if dead. We raised him upon the bed, where he remained while in a stupor. With much anxiety we watched him, expecting every breath to be his last. We thought he would die easy, and while talking of his departure, the clock struck three,—then as if by some sudden convulsion, of his whole body, he sprung, about two feet above his bed, and crying '*Ah! I Come*,' fell precisely as he had lain before. For some moments we were speechless, and when we recovered from the surprise into which this strange act had thrown us, finding he was perfectly still, we proceeded to examine his body: he was still warm, a clammy sweat was on his flesh, and the terrible contortions of his countenance, bespoke the agony in which his spirit had taken its flight.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCELLANY.

LATEST FROM EUROPE. New York papers contain Liverpool dates to the 25th.

The London money market was easier.

An attempt has been made to assassinate the Emperor of Russia.

The State prisoners of Ham are at length released. Messrs Peyronnet and Chantelauze first applied to the king for remission of their sentence, which was immediately granted. M. D. Ranville then followed their example with the like result; and Prince Polignac, at the solicitation of his lady and the British Minister, has had his doom changed to banishment from France, under the full weight of his condemnation and sentence of civil death.

The death of Mrs O'Connell was reported at Dublin, on the 19th of October. Ireland was still afflicted with tithe disturbances.

The Duke de Nemours, second son to the King, has gone to Algiers, campaigning, after the example of his elder brother.

The plague was increasing at Constantinople, but its virulence was much less than usual.

The Governor of Smyrna has been displaced for extortionate conduct.

FORREST has 'made a hit' at Drury Lane Theatre. He played Spartacus three nights in succession, and was announced for Othello on the night of the 24th. The performers at Drury Lane have presented him with a splendid goblet of [illegible] silver, lined and mounted with gold, with a [illegible] lid, and the following inscription:

'To Edwin Forrest, Esq. The American Tragedian, the performers of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, in [illegible] of their admiration of his talents as an actor, and their respect for him as a man. "His worth is warrant for his welcome hither."—*Shakspeare*.'

The London Courier says of him—'America has at length vindicated her capability of producing a native dramatist of the highest order, whose claims should be unequivocally acknowledged by the Mother Country; and has rendered back some portion of the dramatic debt so long due to us, in return for the Cookes, the Keans, the Macreadys, the Knowles, and the Kembles, whom she has, through a long series of years, induced at various times, to her shores,—the long doubted problem being at length happily solved by Mr Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian, who made his first appearance last night on these boards, with a success as triumphant as could have been desired by his most enthusiastic admirers on the other side of the Atlantic.'

Yankee Hill was to appear at Drury Lane on the 28th, in a new farce by Bernard, with a Yankee character.—*Trans.*

A TRUE SIGN.—A gentleman travelling through Philadelphia, discovered for a sign on the top of a house, a large wooden cannon painted black. Upon casting his eyes down to the door of the building, supposing it to be a furnace for casting large guns, &c., he observed it to be a grog shop.—'That,' he remarked, 'is an excellent representation of the abominable destroyer, RUM. The cannon hath swept its thousands, but rum its tens of thousands into eternity.'—*Eastern Baptist*.

VIRGIN SWORDS. Two virgins of the third row, at the Park Theatre, New York, had a fight lately, which grew out of a dispute with respect to their charms and the number of their admirers, when one of them stabbed the other in the face with a dirk.

☞ The Public Ledger thinks the *Reformer* is the wrong name for a paper that employs girls in its printing office—that is reforming the wrong way. You are right, neighbor. Let the *gals* stay at home.

REPORTED RIOT.—It is said that they have had a serious riot in Cleaveland, arising from a dispute about a bridge, in which ten people were killed and a great number wounded, some mortally.

DR SLEIGH AND MR GRAHAM. We can't publish any more communications about these *worthies* except in our advertising columns. Our paper would not hold half that are sent us.

☞ While two boys, William Bradley and Patrick Hughes were in a playful scuffle at Rochester, one of them fell upon an open penknife and was so severely wounded that his recovery is considered doubtful.

A seaman on board the U. S. ship North Carolina [illegible] while at work, and striking the topmast shroud, was [illegible] into the water, from which he was taken up injured. Sailors are the only people who fall so far and escape injury.

FATAL ACCIDENT. A lad named Joseph Hager was killed in the paper mill at Dover on Monday last. He accidentally became entangled in the machinery, and was so badly injured that he expired the next day.

OUR BUTTER STOPPED!—A thousand dollars worth of butter, intended for the Bostonians, was seized in the port of Philadelphia last week, by one of the custom house sharks.

☞ Country produce of all kinds continues extravagantly high. It is only our very richest citizens, now, who afford to indulge themselves with potatoes and salt.

SHIPWRECK.—The English barque Lord Melville was cast away and totally lost on the Island of St. Peters, Newfoundland. Four of the crew were lost.

TO THE AFFLICTED.—A black and red dog, embowelled and laid warm upon the stomach, is said to be a sure cure for an inordinate love of hasty pudding and molasses.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE. Once when two Dutchmen were fishing, one said to the other—'Any ting bite you dare.' 'No Hans.' 'Well neder pite me too.'

John Donaldson, a mason, was killed in New York on Thursday week, by a scaffold [illegible] ing upon him.

FEMALE SWIMMER. A girl in France saved a woman from drowning by rushing into the [illegible] river and drawing her out.

☞ A temperance lecturer was pelted with mud at North Dalton, near Hull, while attempting to hold forth.

TWO DAUGHTERS. A man drowned at Sag Harbor on Monday last his two daughters in Vermont.

[illegible]

In the first place, the genius and habits of the New England [illegible] agricultural life. [illegible] The [illegible] of the country has contributed to [illegible] of desire. With [illegible] affording great chances for gain, a kind of fever has been [illegible]. Men [illegible] wealth in an ordinary way, but feel [illegible] that they can make a fortune in a very short time. The sons of our farmers leave the country and come into the cities, to engage in other business than farming, [illegible]. This hurry to become rich is one bar to agricultural pursuits.

Again, the West holds out [illegible] inducements [illegible]. New England is comparatively rocky and sterile, affording its products only after severe toil in the cultivation of the earth, and even then not [illegible] rewarding the labors of the husbandman. In the West there is property to be bought for a much less sum than in New England, and it is fertile [illegible]. If any doubt that the emigration to the West is an injury to the agricultural interests of New England, [illegible] New York and [illegible] What is the [illegible] picking up their goods to wander.

Putting together the love of money, the desire to obtain it immediately, the advantages held forth by the excellent prospects of success in business, to give a technical term, the superior chances afforded for making wealth by commerce and manufactures, and finally emigration to the West, and we have it satisfactorily accounted for why the agricultural interests fail to keep pace with the increase of the inhabitants of New England, and therefore fail to supply us with a sufficiency of the necessaries of life to keep the prices at the customary standard. Already we begin to be dependent on Europe. Wheat, indeed all kinds of bread stuffs, are arriving at our ports from the other continent. We even notice an arrival of *hay from England herself*. We should not imagine that it would be an adventure which would produce much profit, but the very attempt to import it shows the views entertained of the situation of agriculture among us.

We think that we have treated thus far of at least a portion of the causes of the high prices of agricultural produce, and the views which have given those causes origin. We shall to-morrow speak, in brief, of the prospects of New England, and what remedy might be available for her situation.

AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURES—No 3. We will now offer some concluding remarks upon the apparent prospects of New England, and what remedy might be applied to the present unequal attention to commerce, manufactures and agriculture, by which the latter suffers.

New England is, as we have before remarked, rocky, cold, and comparatively sterile. It requires severe toil to make the earth produce her stores, and reward the labors of the husbandman. Besides this, her climate is exceedingly variable, and often in the very midst of summer, there come severe frosts which blight the prospects of the farmer. Nature has done very little toward making New England an agricultural land; what fertility she enjoys has been wrought upon her, save in the rich tracts on the borders of some of her rivers, by the untiring exertions of her hardy yeomanry. On the other hand, she has [illegible] extensive mill privileges promoting [illegible] for manufactures. She has many good harbors, and good timber for the building of ships, with many articles [illegible] which she can carry on an advantageous commerce. [illegible] then is good encouragement for manufactures and commerce [illegible] opposed to [illegible] riculture. Now, before advancing any plans for the improvement of agriculture, it should be considered whether it would not be better to [illegible] where she has chosen to display her [illegible] a full reward, rather than to force her to yield where she seems unwilling. The great point to be considered in reflection on this subject, is, whether it is proper for any nation so to neglect her necessary interests as to be thrown at the mercy of another nation. [illegible] in the power of man to reconcile these so as to produce harmony. Already have difficulties occurred which have excited the local tocsin of dissension. Should a disseverance of the states into different nations take place, we should, in the event of a relinquishment of agriculture and an embracing of commerce and manufactures, be dependent for the support of life upon another state—and should difficulties arise, the supplies would be cut off, leaving us destitute.

We will not undertake to reason upon this point, which is cause of constant debate among political economists. It is however a matter in which all our citizens are interested, and should receive the serious attention of all.

Should it be considered necessary to encourage agriculture, the end could only be attained by legislative enactments which, however, while they secure the end, will not lessen the cost of the attainment, or by a change of feeling which will give contentment with slow and sure gains, or by a reduction of the protective duties on manufactures which will make it more profitable to turn the attention to farming. All these are subjects for reflection.

AN INFAMOUS PEDAGOGUE.—One Caleb Abbott, a young scoundrel who taught school in Newark, and who is a student at Princeton College, where he is qualifying himself for the ministry, has been convicted, together with his wife and Charles Anderson, her brother, of most inhumanly beating a little bound girl named Jane, only eight or nine years old, on every occasion when the least failure of duty formed an excuse for so doing. These monsters had loaded the little fatherless child with duties which she was unable to perform, and when her strength and years would not admit of her satisfying their requisitions to the utmost, they were in the habit of beating her until the blood stained and crusted on her garments. One large gallows should be erected, and the whole three should swing upon it together.

MR AND MRS BARRETT. It is announced in the Transcript of Wednesday that these performers who have been so long upon our boards, will sail for England in the packet of the tenth, and the editor suggests that something should be done. He is right. To whom in this rage for giving benefits can one be better bestowed than upon Mrs Barrett? She has adhered almost constantly to the Boston stage—a fixed star of the first magnitude—with full as much brilliancy as many of the planets that now and then appear in our hemisphere. She has been the delight of our theatre goers for years—and while they thank the editor of the Transcript for the suggestion, they will be up and doing to testify their admiration and respect for their favorite. Come—who starts first in preparations.

THE THEATRE.—We have seen nothing of this [illegible] racy journal for some weeks. We know not why the editor has stopped his exchange with us. From the spirited [illegible] ity, and critical taste displayed in its articles we had [illegible] for it a long continuance. Its proprietor (whom we have frequently heard of,) should devote all his energies to the concern, for we doubt not that by the aid of a long list of contributors, his [illegible] industry would enable him to do it at least once a week. Perhaps his labors would be somewhat relieved, if he should take an assistant editor into the concern.

A LARGE ESTATE IN PETTICOATS.—John Gowan, of New York, who was lately tried for stealing one hundred dollars, was proved to have had twenty-seven wives; and he told his honor that if he would let him off, instead of sending him to Sing Sing, he would show him how he would get twenty-seven more.

We understand another company girl is about making her disclosures with respect to the nunnery in Montreal; and that she will outrival all 'Maria Monk's' [illegible]. No doubt of it. Why do not the friends of these stray pigeons send them to the Magdalen Asylum, in order to instruct them in the art of holding their tongues.

Burton, the comedian, in 'Rhymes and chimes on the signs of the times,' says—

'Butcher's meat has ris,
And I'm told it will be riser,
But 'tis as 'tis,
And it can't be any tiser.'

BANK ROBBERY.—The vaults of the Oneida Bank, at Utica, were entered on Sunday the 20th inst, and the sum of *one hundred and eighty thousand six hundred dollars* in [illegible] taken, besides about six thousand dollars in [illegible].

CHEROKEE WAR. A General Order from Washington discharges the Tennessee Volunteers, in the Cherokee country, under their [illegible] until further orders.

We find [illegible] the reply to Dr Graham. The public [illegible]

Dear Sir, [illegible] I read an article signed by S. Graham, [illegible] and therefore it is no more than just to you to admit the article of S. Graham, which may stand for truth till otherwise represented. I was present at the meeting alluded to in your paper by S. Graham, and must say the picture he gives is far from the real one, and no person who knows any of the persons who was at the meeting, can admit that Graham's motives were good or honest judging from his course of conduct—'by their works ye shall know them.' Mr Editor, as your desire is to do justice to the public, and admit truth into the columns of your paper at all times, you will please insert the enclosed in your next paper, for I believe it is the truth plainly told; and you will perceive it does not exactly correspond with your first reported article, or that of S. Graham. Will you please notice some remarks passed at the meeting and printed in the Mercantile Journal. Please give the matter its due claim in your paper and the public will be correctly informed in the opinion of one

PRESENT.

Thursday Morn.

[From the Mercantile Journal.]

DR SLEIGH AND DR GRAHAM.

Mr Sleeper—In your valuable paper of last evening, I noticed an article signed 'G.'—the object of which seemed to be, judging from its whole character, to raise prejudice in the public mind unfavorable to the character of Dr Sleigh, as a Christian, and his ability to lecture with any degree of [illegible] against the Infidels; for G. says, 'I have received several publications from New York, containing specifications against his character in England, in Cincinnati and other places,'—and again G. says, 'a shrewd and crafty Infidel accustomed to public debate, might with great ease use the Doctor up.' Many of your readers, after the perusal of such an article, would [illegible] believe that Dr Sleigh was an *Impostor*, and consequently ought not to be allowed a [illegible] in this city or elsewhere; and most certainly, Infidels would glory that such [illegible] of opinion and suspicion are thus publicly avowed and expressed. Notwithstanding the opinion of Mr G. I thought best to attend one of the lectures of Dr Sleigh, as I had been otherwise informed in regard to his ability to defend the divinity of the Bible. Accordingly last evening I attended his lecture; but before he commenced his subject, he stated to the immense audience, that Abner Kneeland had given as a reason why he would not appear in public to defend Infidelity, the bad and infamous character of Dr Sleigh, and he would not contend with such a man. Therefore the Doctor thought proper to prove his character to be that of a Christian and an able defender of the truth, and consequently do away the objections which Abner Kneeland had given as a reason why he would not come out in a public discussion.

Dr Sleigh then read an abundance of testimonials to prove his character, in all particulars, as being worthy of all confidence and respect; and it afforded good reason for the audience to conclude that now Abner Kneeland had no excuse for not coming out and defending Infidelity. But, to the astonishment of the meeting, there was one *gentleman* who came forth and said, he 'did not, by any means, wish to throw any obstacles in the way of Dr Sleigh, and that he did not appear as an enemy,' but he began to mention some reasons why he did not believe fully in the Doctor's proof, &c. There was some confusion. He then again stated, 'he did not wish to throw any obstacles in the Doctor's way,' &c. His name was demanded, and he soon gave it. It was, he said, Graham; and then went on to say how good his motive was, &c. The audience appeared much dissatisfied with his attempt to disturb the meeting, and injure in any degree, if possible, the character of Dr Sleigh. He, after some confusion, was called upon the stand, and asked to state what he had to say about the character of Dr S. He then told how he had heard that the Doctor was not that character he had just proved himself to be, and he seemed to doubt the truth of what the Doctor said by his testimonials, which he had read at the opening of the meeting. After Dr Graham got through, Dr Sleigh again came forth with other proof, which he happened to have with him which placed Dr Graham in an uncomfortable situation. I say uncomfortable. Why? Because it appeared to all present that his object was to injure Dr S. and destroy his influence. Dr Graham admitted that he wrote the article in the Mercantile Journal signed 'G.' Then look at his motive, and compare it with that of an honest man in search after truth. This attack of Dr Graham upon Dr Sleigh, in this public manner was [illegible], unjust, and unchristian.—Dr Graham called upon the audience to say if he had not done right and proper. They told him in tones of thunder, No! No! No! He then attempted to justify himself, but the audience would not allow him a further hearing. He still persisted, finding himself in a bad position, but they with one voice called forth, 'Put that Graham down! Put him down!' He soon found his only course was to desist, and [illegible] further disturbance; after which the Doctor [illegible] this lesson, that a Boston audience will not be [illegible] and his duty in search of truth.

W.

BANKS AND BANKING.—There are many in the community who have a settled prejudice against banking institutions, believing them to cause difficulty and [illegible] in money affairs, and to be framed for private good without enhancing the public advantage. With these feelings they take every opportunity to decry them, and in times of pressure attribute all difficulties to their agency. Reports are rife concerning the doubtful firmness of this bank and that bank and the community have been in a continual ferment. The Directors of the Banks are believed by many to practise every species of knavery, so far as violating the laws prescribed for banking institutions can be so denominated. These very men who thus rail at the banks create more injury than would the multiplication of banks in every street of the city. The community ought to know that *it is perfectly secure against any improper conduct of the banks!* Let the following be read—

THE REVISED STATUTES, Sec. 30, on Banking, says, 'If any loss or deficiency of the capital stock of any bank shall arise from the official mismanagement of the directors, the stockholders at the time of such mismanagement shall in their individual capacities, be liable to pay the same; provided that no stockholder shall be liable to pay a sum exceeding the amount of the stock actually held by such stockholders at that time.' Thus the public are rendered perfectly secure, and in conformity with the above we understand that several of the stockholders of the Nahant (Lynn) Bank have been notified to be in readiness to pay an assessment should it be necessary to call for it.

THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH.—Two nights ago the President was taken with a cough, which was succeeded by a considerable bleeding from the lungs. He had suffered for some time previously with a severe pain in his side.—He was relieved from both unpleasant symptoms, in some degree, by the lancet. Night before last the hemorrhage from the lungs recurred, and was again stopped by the same process and other applications. He is now extremely weak, from the effect of the disorder and the remedies, but is better, and considered by his physicians in no immediate danger. Many years ago he was affected in the same way, and recovered without serious injury, or even a long depression of his health.

The above is from the Washington Globe. There is a report, brought by the cars, in New York, that *the President is dead*, but nobody believes it, and nobody wants to believe it. The Vice President is in Washington.

REMARKABLE FORTITUDE IN A CHILD. A little girl named Eliza Freeman was burnt to death, in Rotterdam, N.Y., aged nearly six years. It appears that she attempted to light a candle with a lucifer match, when her clothes took fire and part of her body was burned to a crisp. Her father found her on the stairs, and said, 'Eliza, what is the matter?' She replied, 'O pa, I have burned myself very bad—I am going to die and go to God.' She answered all the questions which were put to her, and conversed very pleasantly, and with perfect calmness about the matter; and retained her senses until within a few moments of her death.

FATAL LEAP. John Dragging of Philadelphia precipitated himself from the garret window of a public house at the corner of Exchange place and Carter's alley, in Philadelphia, on Sunday night. He was so dreadfully injured as to expire in a short time. Domestic troubles had driven him to intemperance—intemperance drove him to madness, and madness to suicide.

☞ A young woman of extraordinary beauty was brought up, charged with having deserted her husband and children, and given herself to debauchery at the Five Points, N. York. She had been led away from home by evil persons, who first seduced her into the habits of taking strong drink, and then led her off to the haunts of vice and prostitution.

DISTRESSING. A deaf and dumb man was brought to the New York Alms House, who communicated by signs that he was wrecked in the Bristol, and that he had many friends on board, who all perished. He had a little money about him, which he said was taken from the pockets of one of the drowned passengers.

There is an account going the rounds, of a child born in France with proboscis like an elephant. There can be no doubt that he was born to be an Editor, and nature has furnished him with a nose finely adapted to puffing. A dozen could get hold and pull at once. 'A long pull, and a strong pull and a pull all together.'

Mrs Mott, the celebrated female physician, has returned from Europe, and has established herself at No 1 Spring street.

SHIP BRISTOL. The loss of this vessel is said to be attributable to the negligence of the pilot alone.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1836.

PRIZES!

The decision upon the articles written for the prizes, offered by the Publishers of the Galaxy is postponed until the First of January next, when all articles will be submitted to a committee without fail.

The Publishers therefore continue their offer of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

for the best tale,

TWENTY FIVE!

for the second best; and

TWENTY FIVE!

for the best Poem; articles to be sent FREE OF POSTAGE, to the Publishers, with the name of the author, in a sealed envelope. The seal of the successful only will be opened.

Unsuccessful authors will be entitled to the Galaxy without charge for one year provided their articles are deemed worthy of insertion.

THE APPROACHING SESSION. The coming session of Congress promises to be replete with interest to our country. The situation of affairs calls for more than ordinary deliberation; and the subjects which will be undoubtedly brought before Congress for consideration are of the utmost importance. In the first place we stand in a momentous position in regard to Mexico. The Minister from that Nation has demanded redress for supposed, and indeed as all must consider it, apparent invasion of the rights of treaty, and having been unanswered, as he conceived he had a right to desire, he has broken off all diplomatic intercourse with our government and returned home. It remains to be seen what view of the matter the President will take in his message. There is a considerable trade carried on with Mexico, and in the event of a war, this being cut off will induce much suffering. It is not to be supposed in addition, that should hostilities take place, they will continue without interference.

We stand, it is true, on a good footing with the powers of Europe, but that will not protect us from hostile demonstrations, should it be deemed advantageous to combine with Mexico against us. Our commerce too, is widely extended, and would be preyed upon in every quarter. We should be, by all odds, the losers in every way.

Again, the currency of the country will be matter for serious consideration. We hazard no opinion respecting the measures of the present administration in regard to this subject, divided as opinion is upon them—but it must be allowed that if they have been conceived in wisdom, they have not been carried sufficiently into effect to create a safe and satisfactory medium of exchange.

In the third place, the Laws protecting manufactures, known as the Tariff, will probably come before Congress. This, to our mind, is more to be feared in its results than any other subject for debate and supervision. The interests of the North and South here clash with great violence—and it may be the rock on which the bark of Union may split. It has taken the abilities and cunning of the wisest statesmen to reconcile matters thus far, and if the currents of diverse opinion and interest are turned against each other, a fearful result may ensue.

In the North, the protective duties heretofore granted by Congress, have been the means of building up manufactures, and should they be cancelled or reduced, absolute or comparative misery must follow. Our manufacturers have not yet attained to that excellence in their business which will enable them with any commensurate return to compete with the English. The efforts of years to accomplish this result will on the event of a reduction of duties be lost, and the market would be given up to Foreign cloths. It is for the interest of the South to abolish the Tariff—and they will seize every opportunity to make exertion for this end.

It will be seen from the few topics we have touched upon, that the coming session will be one of particular interest.

WONDERS. People are fond of wonders, but do not appear to realize that there is a difference between wonders and novelties. They confound the novel and the wonder[illegible] is wonderful—although we may have been accustomed to see it for twenty years. 'I would be convinced of the truth of christianity,' says one, 'if you would show me a miracle!' Well, what would you consider a miracle? Would you consider raising a ghost a miracle sufficient to convince you of the correctness of christian doctrine—of a Providence, and a hereafter? We do not really see how such an event could bear upon the point, in an age as enlightened as ours. It is true that our Savior performed miracles for the benefit of a degraded and ignorant people on whom sights and supernatural appearance alone could operate—but we find that even He did not regard them as legitimate proofs of the truth of the doctrines which he taught. They were addressed to the weakness, not to the understanding of the Jews. 'An evil and adulterous generation,' said he, 'seeketh for a sign'—and how readily when the most astonishing miracles were wrought, did these skeptics and malicious slanderers endeavor to turn them against himself, 'He casteth out devils through Beelzebub, the Prince of devils,' said they. Indeed, novelty is sought only by those who are too dishonest or neglectful to make use of the wonderful proofs of God's overruling hand which every part of the creation presents. What need of shadowy representations from the nether world, when solid, substantial breathing forms throng in multitudes on the Earth? What need of fiery symbols and signs in the air, seen at the quaking hour of midnight, when the Heavens are spangled with myriads of bright worlds, pursuing their course through illimitable space, in regular order, and guided by—what—chance? You blazing Sun, there, is mystery if mystery is wanted.

We can scarcely imagine anything more wonderful than the Universe itself presents. Imagine yourself to be existing alone, and in the regions of unpeopled and uninhabited space. Suppose you had reached the age of maturity without even seeing a particle of matter save yourself—and that suddenly the worlds came trembling up from the depths of chaos around you—the Sun flamed out—the Earth loaded with every description of fruits, flowers, and herbage, offered you an asylum. Would not these apparitions be as wonderful as a legion of their airy ghosts shrieking on the midnight wind? Yet all these things are before our eyes. We see them, hear them, handle them—but because they are not *novel*, because we have gradually grown up to them, we wonder not. Are they any the less wonderful because we have been in the habit of seeing them? Surely not.—Then say we that there is no occasion for seeking other signs and wonders than those which we enjoy the contemplation of, to convince us that there is an intelligence above us.

COURAGE. That sort of courage which defies supernatural powers is very different from the more ordinary courage of warriors and other fighting characters. There may be individuals who would look upon a spectre without changing color, and who would die without any fear of a future world, who would shrink from a drawn sword, or an angry man—while on the other hand, there are men who dread not to cope with flesh and blood like themselves—who fear no danger which they can comprehend, who, at the same time, would flee from a white faced cow, seen at midnight in a church-yard.

☞ To encounter danger merely for the sake of displaying our intrepidity is childish, if not criminal. Courage and fortitude are given to man to enable him to overcome and endure the difficulties and troubles which he may meet in his life; and not as incitements to seek pain and sorrow which do not necessarily fall to our lot. We should never seek danger excepting when by so doing there is a chance of benefitting ourselves and others.

MISANTHROPY. It is thus that the world is most foolishly gulled, when it blindly exalts the triumph of that man's fame whose principal characteristic is an openly expressed contempt of all mankind, and who, in order to gain notoriety among men, professes to care nothing about them.

Love thy neighbor for God's sake, and God for thine own.

A DIARY OF A BOSTON PARTICULAR. *Monday*. Arose at half past ten. Shortened my pantaloon straps, and put on my best paper dickey. Strolled down Washington street—bowed to a young lady—presume she was rich—never saw her before—stepped in at Jordan's—fumbled over the leaves of an annual—turned up my nose at the frontispiece in order to pass for a critic. Don't remember what the engraving was about—didn't take notice at the time. Called in to subscribe for the Boston Pearl—a long-legged fellow there had the impertinence to ask my name—looked at him through my quizzing glance, turned on my heel, and went out. Spent the rest of the day in lounging.

Tuesday. Eat breakfast in bed—had head-ache. Got out of bed at 11. Drew on one leg of my pantaloons—heard the chambermaid coming up stairs—threw myself into a graceful attitude—thrust the foot of the dressed leg into a shoe, and let the coverlid fall gracefully over the other. Fanny passed the door without stopping in. Sauntered out into the street—fine bracing air. A hand-cart grazed my pants with one of his dirty wheels—thought at first of getting into an interesting passion, looked over my shoulder—saw no ladies near—thought the labor would be thrown away, and passed on. Called into the Tremont and drank some wine; in going out, overheard somebody say, 'who is that gentleman?' In the evening, dropped in at the Theatre. Did not stay long. One of Shakspeare's plays on the carpet—dull stuff. Shakspeare wanted refinement—time his plays were discarded from the stage. Saw a young lady in a box near me, who looked rather particular at me. Made believe I did'nt see her. Can't think of marrying yet.

Wednesday. Got a new snuff-box, with the picture of a beautiful monkey on the lid—was looking at it in the reading room, and a foolish fellow mistook it for a looking glass; he called it my round mirror. *Dropped off* one of my whiskers in State street—gave a boy a cent to pick it up—tied a handkerchief over my face, and went home with the tooth-ache. In the evening was invited to a party—musked, burgamotted, and oiled self and handkerchief.—Boots pinched prodigiously—sat in agony near an heiress for half an hour—then was obliged to groan—got up—at the first step I took, I thought my toe-nails were wrung off with pincers—roared right out—Miss P—— thought I was her victim, and took ten thousand pities for me. I thought best not to undeceive her—cleared out in a devil of a hurry—hauled off my boots in an alley, and ran home barefooted.

Thursday. Concluded to write a play. Sat down to my table, took up the pen—got as far as where my hero was purchasing a jew's harp—scratched my head, and threw down the pen in disgust. Scribbling, beneath my dignity. Flung the sheet into the fire and my pen out of the window. Inquired the hour of the day. Just twelve. Had an engagement—went out to look for it. Walked about till three. No regulations in the city. Wonder where the Mayor keeps himself—have not seen him these three days. In the evening drank champagne with two editors and an actor. All of them fools—knew nothing of dress.

Friday. Went to see a man hung—fainted away in the crowd—was carried home by an Irishman in a hand-cart—disgrace to all my family—thought of hanging myself—recollected how the fellow kicked, and gave over. Went to bed and slept it off.

Saturday. Spent the day in giving directions for a new coat. In the evening went to the concert with two young ladies—pawned mother's Bible to get tickets.

Sunday. Overslept myself; got up at three in the afternoon. Found I could not dress in time for church, and went to bed again. Had a dream—thought the steeple of the Old South was rigged out in ribbons and silks. A beaver jockey was on the top of it. The church itself turned into a pony, and capered off with the steeple on its back. Woke up, and found it was quite dark in my room. Took out a lucifer and raised a light. Got up and walked out. Went toward the Old South to see if it was gone. Clock struck ten—hurried home. Began to rain before I reached the door—pulled off paper dickey, whiskers, and false curls, and put them in my pocket, for fear they would get wet—threw my coat tail over my hat and [illegible]

We [illegible] the following from the Herald with great pleasure.

AMERICAN SILK GOODS.—We have satisfactorily proved by the evidence of our senses that the efforts to introduce the culture of silk in New England have not been made in vain. We were shown yesterday a dozen elegant *handkerchiefs*, the work of the Atlantic Silk Company of Nantucket, and were printed by Mr James W. Halliday of Lynn. They bear a strong resemblance to the Pongee handkerchiefs, but are if any thing of superior fabric, and certainly of equal firmness. We understand that they can be afforded at a cheaper rate than foreign goods of the same kind. With the determination to 'go ahead' evinced by this article, we need not fear for Yankee resolution, or desire protective duties for those who determine to make the excellence of this work protect itself.

The handkerchiefs are printed by Mr Halliday in a superior manner in fast colors. One is to be sent to the Hon Daniel Webster, another to the President, and when we take out the one which has been presented to us, we may perhaps have the supreme felicity of blowing our nose at the same time with those dignitaries, on handkerchiefs of home manufacture.

THE DETROIT EVENING SPECTATOR, is the name of a new paper started at Detroit, and it is the neatest in mechanical execution that comes from the Western country. The matter gives evidence that it is edited by a Bostonian, Mr Benj. Kingsbury, Jr. and in no ways derogates from the reputation he enjoyed while presiding genius of Zion's HERALD. The Ghost story however, in No 4. was published in a paper called the GALAXY about two years since.

An old Divine, in a discourse to the young, says, 'converse not with a harlot; her eyes will run thy reputation in debt, her lips demand the payment, her bosom and arms arrest and hold thee in prison, till the want of reputation and property cast thee away for another victim.'

The same pious man says, 'Let the foundation of thy affections be virtue, then let the building be rich and glorious as thou can'st; if the foundation be either beauty or riches, and the building virtue, the foundation will be too weak and it will fall; let your Palace be founded on virtue, walled with riches, glazened with beauty, and roofed with honor.'

If Death is expected as a friend, prepare to meet it cheerfully; if as an enemy, keep constantly on hand those weapons of defence, which will enable thee to overcome it.—Death hath no terrors, except when it calls to thee as a stranger.

A scolding wife—a sovereign remedy for the night mare—and in these times of pecuniary distress, indeed a crown to her husband, for her tongue, being always in motion, will afford him a plenty of *ready change*.

Cleanliness is a virtue; preserve it till death. To be old is to be favored by Heaven; but to be *old and filthy*, is to out-live virtue and invite disgust.

Twice a child—has reference to the extremes of age; let the chain connecting the points be strong and bright, that memory may run back upon it with delight, finding no tarnished links to impede its progress, or inflict a wound.

People are cautioned against having their portraits or profiles taken at the present time, lest they should find, when money becomes easy, that they are not, in fact, *so long favored* as their pictures.

It is said that a Lawyer in a neighboring town practised speaking the words, '*give me a glass of brandy and water*,' so constantly, that he made but one syllable or articulate sound of the whole sentence.

Beauty and virtue united make a perfect whole; the eye rests upon the one with delight; the other exercises an invisible power of deeper influence; beauty yields to the powers of time and perishes; virtue brightens as other things decay, being in herself immortal.

Isaac S. Smith, of the Loco Focos. As our readers have no doubt seen something of this gentleman in the public prints, where he is mentioned as a candidate for Governor in New York state, it may not be amiss to give a short description of him. Isaac was brought up a Quaker; but, being a youth of enterprise and intelligence, he never very strictly adhered to the dull customs of the society to which his birth had given him a claim. There are those, however, who will remember a red-cheeked lad in Pearl street meeting-house, some years ago—but he was never a very ardent disciple of George Fox. He grieved the hearts of some of the old worthies of that denomination, by finding fault with the sentiments advanced at some of their meetings, at which time he was chidden by the old Friends, and told that he was too young to sit in judgement on the preachers of their sect—whereat he replied, in the language of Chatham, 'I hope I may never be one of those who are ignorant in spite of experience.' While quite a youth, Isaac travelled in Europe, and spent much time in France, where he became distinguished for his courage in several recontres of a somewhat warlike nature.

When we first became acquainted with Isaac, he was located at Buffalo, and was acting as Secretary of the Insurance Office then and there established. We had a letter of introduction to him, and took the earliest opportunity to present it. We found him surrounded by books on philosophical and theological subjects, as well as a plentiful supply of mineralogical specimens. His age was, at that time, about thirty-four, and he had not yet taken to himself an helpmeet—although he had the credit of being a very gallant man.

His person was handsome, as indeed were the family with which he was connected,—Miss Elizabeth Smith, his cousin, being one of the prettiest young Quakeresses in New York city. We had recently exchanged salutations with friend Smith, before we perceived that he was a freethinker; the manner in which he railed against priests and ecclesiastics of every description was a caution. He boarded at the Eagle Hotel, and, on one occasion, he put down a priest who attempted to say grace at the table, notwithstanding that there were several gentlemen present who backed up the person with all their might and main. But it was no go. Isaac sprang to his feet, and declared that he would not have grace at a table to which he belonged, without his consent; and when a young man arose in turn to defend the priest, Isaac peremptorily ordered him to be seated. So dinner was eaten without the saying of grace.

At length, the deism of Isaac became so notorious that Jacob Barker—who was an officer of the Buffalo Insurance Company—heard of it, and called on the President. We chanced to be present at the time. 'The fact is,' said Jacob—'that Smith has proclaimed himself a deist, and such is his vanity that he takes every occasion to promulgate his sentiments. In consequence of this, there are few persons who will go near the Insurance Office to do any business with him.' It was, therefore, resolved that Isaac should be *requested to resign*. Isaac was receiving $800 a year at this time, *from* the company—but he threw up his station with alacrity, and fell to speculating in salt.—This occurrence took place about twelve years ago, and Isaac is now worth a *million of dollars*. His ejection from the secretaryship was, doubtless, more advantageous to himself than to those who discharged him, for his talents for business were unrivalled, and his integrity not to be questioned.

In a few years, he has amassed a fortune which is continually on the increase. It has been reported that Isaac has altered his opinion on religious subjects. Such may be the fact; but we never knew a man so thoroughly grounded in free principles as Mr. Smith was, twelve or thirteen years ago. Perhaps his old friends are more willing to be lenient to his errors now that he can back them with the thino, than they were while he received a yearly salary from them. Our Isaac himself may have discovered that the adoption of more orthodox sentiments was a good *fair business transaction*.

Whether friend Isaac will ever be Governor of New York or not, we pretend not to predict—but while he moved in no higher a sphere than that of Secretary to the Buffalo Insurance Company, we imagined he was born for a destiny above the vulgar, and suggested as much to him, whereupon he replied, with some seriousness in his manner—'No man knows to what station he is doomed to rise;—we know what we are, but do not know what we may yet be.'

Alexander Dimitry. A week or two ago we had in our columns a story by Alexander Dimitry. The following number contained, it will be remembered, an article upon the character of this gentleman, in which the assertion was made that he is no longer among the living. The following article, headed by his name, came to us marked in the Philadelphia Saturday News, and we feel it our duty to copy it.

Alexander Dimitry. In the last number of the Boston Galaxy there is an article with this name at its head, which is quite inexplicable. The writer, after a just compliment to the 'Nameless One'—a most powerful and well written story, which we published a few weeks ago—indulges in a train of remarks to which that story, it would seem, has given rise, and pours out a liberal offering of praise to the genius of its accomplished, and as he is pleased to term him, 'unhappy author.' Speaking of Mr. Dimitry, he says;—'About the middle height, he was rather stout, and firmly built, with a round, dark face, a piercing black eye, and glossy black hair, which he wore in a long thick shock. He was born to fortune, and had every facility for acquiring information, both by study and travel, and no man ever embraced such advantages with more avidity or success. His mind was of the highest order, active, penetrating, profound—steel itself was not more retentive. He ranged with rare judgement and intelligence through every grade of literature; the old and the new, science, philosophy, history, politics, poetry, and the fine arts, were known to him in all their secret ramifications; and both in writing and conversation, he shed new light and new charms around them all. Every nation of Europe he had visited; he spoke every language fluently; and their national songs in their native language were familiar to him as his own nursery ditties, and his beautiful style of singing and illustrating them, formed a principal charm of his social and convivial intercourse. In the library, he was always most intensely zealous to investigate every species of literature; and in society he imparted his manifold acquisitions with discriminating intelligence and deep interest. He was above all sensitively honorable in all his relations, and disgrace to him would have been worse than any physical torture.'

That is all very true, but it is wrong in using the past tense. Mr. Dimitry is now precisely what the correspondent of the Galaxy says he *was*. We know him well, and we can safely affirm that his intellect is of the highest order. To a singularly brilliant imagination he unites a power of expression rarely equalled. In this respect he resembles the younger D'Israeli, whom he surpasses in the extent and variety of his scholastic acquirements. At a very early age he was distinguished for his attainment in classic literature, and at the present time it would not be easy to find his superior. With him knowledge is both a passion and a pastime, and he has pursued it with an eagerness and success which have outstripped all his competitors. In the graceful lore of the ancients, and the far-reaching science of the moderns, he is equally skillful, and to his accumulated stores of learning, he adds a vigorous and discriminating judgment. His taste in the fine arts springs from a native perception of the beautiful, and it has been cultivated and matured by diligent study and observation.

The story of Mr. Dimitry's death, related by the correspondent of the Galaxy, is, in all respects, unfounded. He is, at this time, residing in Washington, where he has been for the last two years, pursuing the even tenor of his way; and the passage to New Orleans, and the events recorded as having followed, as applied to him, are pure fiction. So far from having closed his "fitful career," we have reason to think that he is about to engage in some literary undertaking worthy his uncommon capacity; and as to the "mortification and disappointment," with which the writer in the Galaxy says, "his heart was oppressed," we have before us, at this moment, a letter of recent date, full of the most buoyant aspirations.

From the general tenor of the article in the Galaxy, we infer, that the writer has at one time, been familiar with Mr. Dimitry. The description of his person, and the estimate of his power, are both sufficiently just. It is certain, however, that for many months, at least, he has had no knowledge of his "whereabouts." If he had possessed such knowledge, he could not have fallen into the gross errors, which, however, little they are to be attributed to improper intentions, are not the less likely to be productive of serious pain to the numerous connexions and friends of Mr. Dimitry.

Some months ago, an unfortunate gentleman, by the name of Dimitry, was lost from on board a steamboat, and this circumstance has probably originated the mistake of the correspondent of the Galaxy; but it is not easy to understand for what good purpose he has made the private opinions of one, whom he supposed to be deceased, a subject of newspaper commentary. The dead should be held sacred from any unnecessary exposure, and it is neither just nor generous to place thorns in the graves, by which surviving friends may be wounded. Happily, in the present case, the individual, whose name has been used as a text for an indiscreet homily, yet lives, admired for his genius and esteemed for his social virtues.

I feel, said a man to his friend, a *pleasing melancholy*. What can there be pleasing in *melancholy*, was asked.—Ah, said the man, you never had the feeling of one who had a scolding wife laying dead.

Honor is both the child and slave of money; the credit which honor begets money may find. When honor grows mercenary, money grows honorable; a noble spirit despises them both.

Loud talk and a horse laugh—habits unconsciously formed, and bearing some resemblance to each other—yet widely different—the one indicates a perversion of mind, the other a want of it.

In our columns will be found a notice calling a meeting of the friends of Mrs Barrett.

THE DRAMA.

The National. During the past week, the 'Bronze Horse,' which has been produced at this theatre has attracted the attention of the theatrical connoisseurs, and it has *drawn* full houses. The piece has *taken*, as it is technically termed, better than any melodrama which has been got up in Boston for some years. The scenery by Lehr, is of the highest degree of excellence, the machinery good, and the arrangements, for which the public is indebted to the stage manager, of the most satisfactory description.

As a literary production, the Bronze Horse is beneath criticism. There is no very clear plot, and the language is but a medium to exhibit the scenery. But this is atoned for by the superior music interspersed, the compositions in most instances of the accomplished musician, Comer, who has shown his powers more fully in this piece than in any other which we have seen, in which his labors were conspicuous. Williamson does himself great credit by the manner in which he executes the music of his part, as well as Mrs Sheridan.

The ascent of the Bronze Horse is admirably managed, and fails not to create rounds of applause. When Ping Sing (Wills) comes through the ceiling, there is a corresponding shout of laughter.

The piece will run a considerable time.

Chit chat. Barrett and his wife sail for Europe on the 10th. The editor of the Transcript has suggested that something should be at Mrs B's farewell benefit. So there must.

Forrest, it appears, has been eminently successful in London, but the audience expressed disapprobation of Dr Birds tragedy of Spartacus, in which he made his first appearance. We are surprised at this *fiat*, since Spartacus has been considered in this country an admirable play. But there is no accounting for fancies.

Ellen Tree has arrived in New York. She is now undoubtedly the finest actress on the English stage—but she is thirty-five years old.

We shall be curious to hear what reception Booth will meet in England. If he fails, the Londoners will subject themselves to the veto of rash and prejudiced judgement.—Booth is justly admired.

Celeste, it is said, has cleared $12,000 dollars by her Maid of Cashmere at the National, New York. She will probably take a sixteenth farewell in Boston before she is done with gulling.

LITERARY NOTICES

The Harpers have issued in uniformity with their former editions of English standard works, Smolletts Roderic Random, in an elegant volume with characteristic illustrations. We should be wasting words to praise the work, and can only say that the style in which it is published is worthy of the matter. It should be in every library together with all the Harpers publications of the same kind.—Munroe, Cornhill, has it.

Carey, Lea & Blanchard have transmitted to Colman a new novel by the author of Clinton Bradshaw, entitled 'East and West.' We have not had time to read it.

The Harpers have published 'The Desultory Man,' by James. James always succeeds in fastening the interest—and although our friend of the Southern Literary Messenger, in whose critical opinion we have great confidence, has rather decried his genius, and we must venture to disagree with him. The paper on which this novel is printed, is rather yellow. Mussey, Cornhill, has it.

Light & Stearns have published in one of the neatest little volumes we ever saw, Whittier's admirable poem, 'Mogg Megone.' It has been corrected and enlarged by the author expressly for this edition. It is full of fire and poetic indignation, with some of the finest morceaux of poetry we ever saw.

The Southern Literary Messenger for October is before us. Its enterprising publisher, Mr J. B. White, has lately been in Boston, and has made Jordan his agent, and we sincerely hope that this Magazine, so honorable in its character to the United States, will receive the encouragement from Bostonians, which Boston professes to afford to decided merit. While the editorial department is conducted with a discretion, honesty and talent which every Magazine is not blessed with, its mechanical execution is of the highest degree of excellence. The last number is not so varied in its contents as usualy, but has a great amount of useful and pleasant knowledge. The gem of the work is its critical department, which will not suffer in comparison with that of the boasted Magazines of England.

Waldie's Select Circulating Library, which we believe is extensively popular, arrives weekly with laudable accuracy.

We learn from the last number of the Ladies Magazine that Mrs Hale, its accomplished editress, will hereafter be at the head of the Ladies Book, to which the Ladies Magazine is to be united. The combination will ensure excellence.

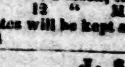
DELINQUENTS.

We presume that we have as much trouble in collecting our dues as other publishers. Some of our cotemporaries have adopted a plan of publishing the names of persons who neglect the settlement of their bills, under the head of delinquents—a fashion which we intend to follow. It is often the case that papers are ordered to be discontinued by the Post Master when the subscriber's account is in arrears. Where such is the case we shall designate the names advertised by a star. We begin with

James Bride—keeper of the La Fayette Hotel	$4,00
E. W. Boyden formerly of Keene, N. H.	2,00
David F. Strange—Taunton, Ms.	1,50

These names and others which will be occasionally added we shall continue in the paper from week to week unless we hear from those interested.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS.



THE JAMAICA PLAIN COACH will leave Jamaica Plain,

At 7½ o'clock, A. M. — 2 o'clock, P. M.
10 " "

Leave Boston Post Office,
9 o'clock, A. M. — 5 " "
12 " M

Slates will be kept at Charles Henna' Tremont Saloon.
o14 T. W. BENNET, Agent.

J. S. CUNNABELL,
TEACHER OF THE GERMAN FLUTE AND ACCORDION.
ROOM NO. 3, BOYLSTON HALL, BOSTON.

ARRANGEMENTS made for Tuition, by applying as above at Mr Blake's Music Store, 417 Washington-st. Terms $6 for a Course of Twelve Lessons.

☞ Music transposed, and otherwise arranged for the Accordion. 3m o7

TO BE LET.

2 ROOMS, and other Privileges, by E. STEELE, 26 Dock Square. 3t n3

☞ SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES. Rev Mr Ingersoll is delivering a course of lectures at the Masonic Temple, on the Truth of Christianity. Second Lecture next Sunday evening at half past 6 o'clock. Subject, Character of Christ. n3

☞ MRS GEORGE BARRETT. The friends of this lady are invited to meet at the Exchange Coffee House, on MONDAY EVENING, at 7 o'clock, to take into consideration the subject of her Farewell Benefit. n3

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Daniel Bobbs to Mary Ann Bennett, of Portsmouth, N H; Charles F Amber to Jane Voss; Peter F Leighton to Elizabeth Colby.

In this city, Noah Chappell to Caroline B Wood; John M Pratt to Hannah Mc Cormack; at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Patrick Donahoe, of the firm of Devereux & Donahoe, printers, to Catharine Griffin.

In this city, Samuel Page, of Canaan, N. H. to Eliza Greenwood.

In this city, Amasa W Cross to Charlotte Sulliford.

In this city, Cyrus Daniels to Mary Ann T Floyd; Charles H Barrow to Mrs Susan B Carson; Charles Brown to Mary Hastings; Barrington Hicks to Mary B Page, both of Roxbury; Jas Denton to Caroline Wells.

At South Boston, Andrew Riley to Rebecca Caine, daughter of Thomas Caine, Esq.

At South Boston, Wm Caines to Margaret Ann Keating.

At Roxbury, Andrew Nason to Lucretia W Shed.

At Charlestown, Aaron Hadley Jr, to Abigail Freeman.

At Watertown, Nathan W Low, merchant of Michigan City, Indiana, to Mary D Patten.

At Dorchester, James L Pynchon, of Boston, to Margaret Lodge.

At Lynn, Samuel Kent to Lydia Neall.

At Hingham, Isaiah G Whiton, of Quincy, to Mary W, daughter of Marshall Lincoln Esq.

At Lowell, Horace S Gorham, of Boston, to Plarlia B Smith; Warner N Gorham, of Boston, to Mary Ann Hanford.

At Sudbury, George W Hagar, of Brighton, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Capt Tilly Smith.

At New Bedford, John B Hunt Esq of Boston, to Caroline Lincoln.

At Springfield, H D Beach, Esq to Eliza Pratt.

At Bristol, Charles W Lovett, of Boston, to Josephine M DeWolf.

At the Town Farm, in North Yarmouth, Me, according to a unanimous vote of the town, passed at the September meeting, Stephen Hall, aged 42, to Miss Lydia Kelly, aged 77.

At Bucksport, Me, Rev David Brown, formerly of Frankfort, aged 56, to Miss Dolly [illegible], aged 25, after a courtship of one week.

At Montreal, L C, Frederick M Bonner, of Pekin, Illinois, formerly of this city) to Elizabeth Edwards, eldest daughter of James A Dwight.

DEATHS.

In this city, James L Wheeler, 22; Joseph Tuttey, 46; Catherine Emily Hollis, 11.

In this city, Andrew Campbell, 62; Catharine E, wife of Geo A Woods, of New York; Susan Maria, only child of Enoch and Susan Goodwin, 10 months.

In this city, Maria, daughter of the late Wm Dall; Robert Rich, son of Hon Ezra Mudge, 5 mos.

In this city, Benjamin Pollard, City Marshall, 56; Mary, wife of Samuel French, 63; Patrick M'Guire, 46; widow Thankful White, of Brookline 92.

In this city, Julia, wife of Richard Robins Esq; Sophia Mareton Parker, 3; Mary Trovett, 54.

At South Boston, Ann Perry, wife of Cephas Perry, 26.

At Charlestown, Benjamin Crowninshield Esq; formerly of Danvers, 79.

At Charlestown, Mary J Brewster, 2.

At Chelsea, Ann Tuft 2d, of Charlestown, 37.

At East Cambridge, Catherine, wife of Alexander H Fowler, 25.

At Cambridge, Dorcas Coffin, 87.

At Waltham, Elizabeth, wife of the late Benjamin Harrington.

At Seekonk, Ebenezer Fuller, 85, a revolutionary pensioner.

At Abington, Shebuah Corthell, 77.

At Westford, Mrs Rebecca Symmes, 70.

At the Lunatic Hospital, Worcester, Rev John G Newell, of Wrentham, 41.

At Providence, Prudence Chace, widow of the late Dr John Chace, a native of Boston, 77.

At Hallowell, Me, Rev Samuel Johnson.

At New York, Ann P, wife of Joseph C Spear, formerly of this city.

At New York, Marianne F, wife of Rev Dr McElroy, 41.

At Fredericksburg, Va, Mary Bolt, of Boston.

In Mississippi, Rev Albert G Burton, of the Virginia Conference of the M E Church.

At St Augustine, George I F Clarke Esq, a native Floridian, and for many years Lieutenant Governor and Surveyor General of the Province of East Florida under the Spanish Government.

At sea, on board brig Palm, from Bombay, Samuel Webb 2d supercargo, 28.

DANCING—A CARD.

WARREN B. WHITE very respectfully informs the young ladies and gentlemen of Boston, that his Academy is again open for the admission of Pupils at Park Hall, and a class now forming. His Quarter will commence on Wednesday evening, 16th inst. Mr W. will with the greatest pleasure give his attention to those who place themselves under his tuition. For terms, &c. inquire at No 8 Bath street, in the forenoon, or at Parker & Whitney's, Court square, between 12 and 2 o'clock, P M, or at the Hall on School evenings, Wednesday and Saturday. Ladies' Classes at 3 or 6 o'clock; gentlemen's, at 8 in the evening.

N. B. The last half quarter will be at Concert Hall.
s23 [illegible]

PRINTING MATERIALS FOR SALE.

FONTS of Pica; Small Pica; Long Primer; Bourgeois; Brevier; Minion; Nonpariel; 20 line Pica; 14 do; 12 do; 10 do; 8 do; 6 do; 5 do; 4 do; &c. &c. not half worn. [illegible] Also [illegible] Imposing Stones, Column Rules, Pressing Papers, and other materials. Apply to [illegible] E. BUTTS, No 7 School st.
s24 [illegible]

PRINTING PRESSES.

A GENERAL assortment of Tuft's and other Presses, new and second hand, and of all prices and sizes, may be found on application to the Boston Type and Stereotype Foundry, 29 Congress street. Orders for the above or other Printing Materials, addressed to the Agent, J. G. ROGERS, will receive prompt attention.

The Foundry have the Agency of Prout's famous PRINTING INK, and are constantly supplied with all qualities and colors, from 30c to $2,50 pr lb. 3m s30

BOSTON SCHOOL ATLAS.

EMBRACING a Compendium of Geography. Containing 17 Maps and Charts. Embellished with instructive Engravings. Eighth edition, handsomely stereotyped.

Although this book was designed for the younger classes in schools, for which it is admirably calculated, yet its maps are so complete, its questions so full, and its summary of the science so happily executed, that, in the opinion of many, it contains all that is necessary for the pupil in our common schools.

The Maps are all beautifully engraved and painted; and that of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, contains the boundaries of every town in those States.

For sale at COLMAN'S, and by all the booksellers.
s24

FOR SALE, TWO SUCTION FIRE ENGINES.

ONE new suction Fire Engine, built by Stephen Thayer in the best manner, and warranted; with 20 feet Suction Hose; well ornamented; brass pipe, &c.

Also, the well known and celebrated Engine 'Cataract,' in perfect order for use, with good suction, and otherwise well found. This engine operates easier than most engines of the same power.

Leading and Patent Suction Hose, Fire Buckets, Caps, and other Fire Apparatus, on hand, and made to order.

Also 3300 lbs Remnants of Horse Leather, well adapted for boot and shoe manufacturers.

Those in want of any of the above articles, will please apply to RILEY & KINNEY, 68 & 70 Cornhill, Boston.
6tis s24

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS.
OFFICE 4 1-2 ANN STREET, NEW YORK.

WILLIAM SEARS, author of these Pills, would most respectfully announce, that, for nearly two years, the efficacy of these Pills has been abundantly tested in the city of New York, and in many parts of the country, and not an instance has to his knowledge occurred, in which they have not had a salutary effect, and in many cases they have proved very efficacious. They are not offered as an infallible remedy for all diseases, but they are with the utmost confidence offered, as being peculiarly efficacious in Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, and all diseases occasioned by bilious affections, a disordered state of the stomach and bowels, impurities of the blood, or obstructions of any of the natural secretions. They contain but two ingredients, both vegetable, and the principal one is an extract found by himself, from the leaves and flowers of a vegetable found only in this country. They have been the result of his own researches and experience, occasioned by the unusual sufferings from Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, for more than thirty years. Having had great experience by the use of these Pills in his own case, and in many others, he can with the greatest confidence assure the public that they do possess all the medical properties attributed to them, and that they cannot fail of having a salutary effect in all those diseases above referred to and, as a family medicine, suitable for both sexes on all occasions of indisposition, and for habitual costiveness they are not surpassed by any medicine. Circulars giving a more general description of their medical properties, and containing references and certificates relating to the character of the author, and numerous certificates of the good effects of the medicine, may be gratuitously obtained at the Drug Store of SETH W. FOWLE, 33 Prince street, Boston, who is appointed sole agent for the distribution of these pills in Boston and throughout that section of the country.

These pills are for sale in Boston, by I. P. HALL, Union-st. WM C. STIMPSON & CO, south side of Faneuil Hall. JAMES FOWLE, Green-st. J. T. BROWN, Washington-st. CORDWELL Roxbury. S. KIDDER & CO, Charlestown.
A 6 6m

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR GONORRHOEA, GLEETS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE URINARY PASSAGES.

MORGAN'S celebrated Compound Balsamic Pills have enjoyed the patronage of Sir Astley Cooper, Bransby Cooper, Dr Elliotson of London; Drs Alliston, Liston, Lizars of Edinburgh, and also of the most scientific physicians in this country for the last fifteen years, and are looked upon as the great desideratum so often attempted, but prior to the above time never discovered. They are the only safe, pleasant and efficacious remedy in present use in all stages of those disorders, and entirely obviate the making use of those disgusting, nauseous, and in some cases, highly injurious medicines Cubebs and Copaiva; the dangerous consequences and uncertainty of the latter are too well known to require comment.

Sir Astley Cooper's remarks at Guy's Hospital, published in the Lancet, of Sept 17th, 1831, in a Chemical Lecture to his pupils, is a sufficient guarantee of the high character of Morgan's Pills. 'Gentlemen, I dare say you have observed the wonderful success of Surgeon Morgan's Compound Balsamic Pills, which are used here (Guy's Hospital) exclusively, for urethral discharges, and the many complicated affections of the urinary organs, indeed, Mr M.'s researches, (which I recommend to your notice) on genito urinary diseases, are the most complete I ever perused, and his mode of reasoning is so plain that the merest tyro amongst you can comprehend them.'

*** Sold in Boston only at the Drug store Nos 104 and 105 Hanover, corner of Salem street.

☞ Price $1 per box.

N. B. The Genuine Morgan's Pills have the Proprietor's seal on the under part of every Box.
n15 1m

SHERIDAN'S
SPARRING SCHOOL!
AT NO 9 HASKINS' BUILDINGS,
(Opposite the head of Hanover street.)
☞ Applications may be made to Mr S. at the Rooms.
nov 3 1m

NATIONAL THEATRE.

☞ The celebrated and gorgeous Chinese Tale of Enchantment, called the BRONZE HORSE!

☞ This unrivalled Drama will be repeated every night till further notice. The Scenery of this truly splendid Drama has never been surpassed in Boston.

ON MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 2, 1835,
Will be presented (for the [illegible] time) the magnificent Drama from the Opera of Cheval de Bronze, entitled
THE BRONZE HORSE!
Or, THE SPELL OF THE CLOUD KING!

The Original Overture		By Auber.
The Sunina,		Mr J Adams
Yanko,	(Prince of China)	Mr Williamson
Ping Sing,	(a Mandarin)	Mr J Wills
Tsing Sing,	(a Farmer)	Mr Spear
Kuyan,	(a young Peasant)	Mr Comer
Fou Ral Chang	(a Chinese Thief)	Mr J S Jones
The Cloud King		Mr Adams
Mogolia,	(Princess of Mogul)	Mrs Sheridan
Peki	(daughter to Tsing Sing)	Mrs W H Smith
Kao Jan,	(Fourth wife to Ping Sing)	Mrs Petty
Lo Mangli,	(a Spirit)	Miss Angelica
Foiky		Miss C Pike

Previous to the Drama, the Drama of
VICTORINE;

Felix	Mr W H Smith | Griffith	Mr J S Jones
Julien	(a Page)	Mrs W H Smith
Victorine	Mrs Anderson | Therese	Mrs Sheridan

On Tuesday Evening, Mr J S JONES'S BENEFIT, when will be presented Luke the Labourer, and the Bronze Horse!

☞ In Rehearsal a new Nautical Melo Drama.

Prices: Boxes 75 cts; Third Tier 50; Pit 37 1-2; Gallery 25.

*** Doors open at 6; Performance commence at 1-2 past 6.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

J. S. JONES'S BENEFIT CARD. J. S. Jones respectfully announces that his Benefit will positively take place on TUESDAY, Nov 3d, on which occasion, in addition to the National Drama of the LIBERTY TREE, or Boston Boys, by the kindness of the Manager, he will have the pleasure of presenting to his friends and the public, the splendid and attractive new Drama of the BRONZE HORSE.

Box Book now open. n2t

NEW BOOKS.

PUBLISHED and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street,

'Rhubarb and Sugar's Manual of the art of making and refining Sugar from Beets, including the cultivation of the plant, and the various improvements in the manufacture.'

'A new Edition of 'Spurzheim's Phrenology.'

'Dr Combe on Physiology of Digestion,' a very valuable book, price reduced from $1,00 to 62 cts.

'The Sacred Wreath,' containing selections of Sacred Poetry and Prose, illustrated with numerous engravings, and most of the poetry being beautifully embossed.

'The American Journal of the Medical Sciences,' for November, published at Philadelphia. Subscribers can receive the above number on application as above.

'Flowers of Loveliness,' containing twelve groups of Female Figures, emblematic of Flowers; designed by various artists; with poetical illustrations by Thomas Haynes Bayley, Esq; elegantly bound. Also, another supply of Friendship's Offering, for 1836.

The New Hampshire Register, The New England Farmer's, The Old Farmer's, The Miniature, and all other Almanacs for the coming year.

'Christian Revelation,' by Thomas Chalmers, D. D.

Frost's History of the United States, a new School Book, with 30 engravings.

School Books of every kind constantly on hand. n26

STATIONERY.

MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, No 133 Washington street, have just imported a general assortment of French and English STATIONERY. They offer Cutlery, Paper, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Bronze Ware, Seals, (with names, mottoes and designs) &c. &c. at the lowest wholesale prices. A prime assortment of Rogers & Son's Knives, just received. Also, Steel Pens of every description. 1m n26

AMERICAN MEDICAL AND SURGICAL LIBRARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

DEVOTED to the republication of valuable works of the profession, and to contain a comprehensive review of the progress of Medical and Chirurgical Science, to be edited by Drs. Dunglison and Pattison. Published semi-monthly by A. Waldie, and furnished in this city at the Literary Rooms, free of postage, each number to contain 160 handsome 8vo pages, making 2880 pages yearly for $10. W. H. S. JORDAN,
n26 N. E. Agt.

A DIPLOMA

WAS given to E. B. Lovett, at the late Fair in New York, for XYLOGLAPHIC PRINTING, specimens of which may be seen at
n29 COLMAN'S Lit Rooms

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GOODS,

CONSISTING of small Work Boxes, Shaving Cases, Spool Stands, Hair, Cloth, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Dressing and Fine Combs, Cutlery, Needle and Pocket Books, Card Cases, wooden, shell, and ornamented; a large assortment of nice Washing and shaving Soaps; also the greatest variety of Hair Oils ever offered to the public, among which are some very superior—at G. F. EMERY'S, 173 Washington st. 3w n23

JOHN J. ADAMS,

BRUSH MANUFACTURER, No 15 Exchange street. Brushes, of every description, on hand, and constantly manufactured.

Also, Shoemakers' and Stock Bristles, for sale at wholesale and retail. 2m o10

PARTRIDGE'S ORIGINAL LEATHER PRESERVATIVE,

FOR Carriages and Chaise tops; Harnesses; Thorough Braces; Boots and Shoes; Forge Bellows; Engine Hose; Factory Bands; and Leather exposed to the action of heat or wet. It renders Leather impenetrable by water, soft and elastic. [illegible] it will be found not only much better in its [illegible], but much cheaper, as the quantity required is less and [illegible]. The only original article is sold by [illegible] 17 [illegible] street, Boston. Also by J. G. ROGERS, (Agent for the Proprietors,) No 29 Court street.

☞ The highest recommendations from the most respectable persons (who have long used it) accompany each cannister.
a10 3m

DR. BASSETT'S
HEPATIC ELIXIR.

FOR the speedy and effectual cure of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Rheumatism Flatulence, Cholic, Costiveness.

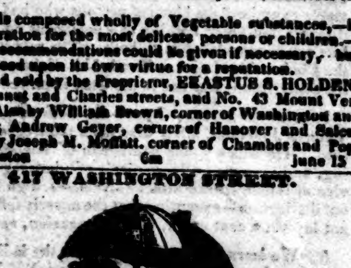
This invaluable Medicine is prepared from the receipt of an eminent Physician, who has used it for many years with wonderful success for the above complaints;—likewise for Worms, sudden Colds, violent pains in the stomach and bowels,—always giving immediate relief. It is of Eminent service to persons of Bilious habits, in small doses frequently repeated. It cleanses the stomach and bowells, quickens the circulation, warms the habit, and if continued is capable of removing very obstinate obstructions.

In consequence of the frequent calls from almost every quarter for the Hepatic Elixir, and its having been completely effectual in restoring him from a long standing Dyspepsia, which had baffled the skill of the first Physicians, and the effects of a variety of Patent Medicines, the Proprietor of this Elixir has been induced to put it up in bottles with ample directions for its use.

This Elixir is composed wholly of Vegetable substances,—is safe in its operation for the most delicate persons or children.—Hundreds of recommendations could be given if necessary, but reliance is placed upon its own virtue for a reputation.

Prepared and sold by the Proprietor, ERASTUS S. HOLDEN, corner of Chesnut and Charles streets, and No. 43 Mount Vernon street. Also by William Brown, corner of Washington and Elliot streets; Andrew Geyer, corner of Hanover and Salem streets, and by Joseph M. Moffatt, corner of Chamber and Poplar streets, Boston 6m june 15

NO. 417 WASHINGTON STREET.



E. H. BLAKE,

HAS constantly on hand and for sale, at his Store, No 417 Washington street, a few doors north of Boylston Market, a good assortment of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, of every variety.

Also, first quality Roman and English Violin, Violoncello, Double Bass, and Guitar STRINGS; Clarionet and Bassoon Reeds; Clarionet Mouth Pieces; Violin Bridges and Pegs; [illegible].

He has also on hand, and is constantly receiving, the newest and most fashionable Piano Forte and Guitar MUSIC; Instruction Books, for various Instruments, Music Paper, &c. &c.

E. H. B. continues to manufacture and import UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS and CANES of every description. He has now on hand a good variety, some of a very superior quality, both as to appearance and durability. The above are offered for sale, at as low prices as those of any other dealer in the city.

A liberal discount made to wholesale purchasers.

☞ Second-hand Musical Instruments, Umbrellas, &c, taken in part payment for other goods. Umbrellas, Parasols and Canes repaired. 3m

COUGH CONFECTION,
Or *COMPOUND SUGAR OF HONEY,*

FOR Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and all Pulmonary Affections. All those, especially females and children, who are averse to medicine, in the common and more nauseating forms, this pleasant and most palatable article is particularly calculated. Price 6 cts pr oz., or 75 cts pr lb. A liberal allowance to those in the country who buy to sell again.

☞ Caution. ☜

The Public are informed that *this is the only really medicated article of the kind in the United States.* It will most certainly cure a recent cough, and possesses all the virtues of Cough Drops. There are several imitations in existence, sold principally by grocers and confectioners, and some few apothecaries, under the title of 'Cough Candy.' Some of these are of dangerous, and all of doubtful tendency.

The Genuine is sold by the Proprietor, at the corner of Milk and Bath streets, and by appointment by James Fowle, corner of Green and Leverett streets, and at Seth W. Fowle's, corner of Prince and Salem streets, and *positively no where else in the City.* tf n7

MAPS,

MODERN AND ANCIENT, under the direction of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. A complete series, beautifully executed. Rec'd at 121 Washington st,
n24 By JORDAN.

PUBLISHED THIS MORNING,

RHYMES FOR MY CHILDREN, by a Mother, illustrated with twenty wood cuts. S. COLMAN,
n24 121 Washington street.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURES on Moral Philosophy, delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Society, by George Combe, Esq. For sale by LIGHT & STEARNS.
n30 1 Cornhill.

WRITING ACADEMY......Established in 1828.
FALL AND WINTER CLASSES
OF
PENMANSHIP, BOOK KEEPING AND ARITHMETIC,

UNDER the immediate instruction of Messrs. RICHARDSON & STRATTON.

——New Amory Hall,——
Corner of Washington and West streets.

Messrs. R. & S. would inform their friends, and others who are desirous of receiving a practical knowledge of Book-keeping, comprising Single and Double Entry, that their establishment has been refitted, and they are now able to accommodate pupils at any hour, (day or evening.)

Their System of Book-keeping is particularly distinguished [illegible] first principles; and young gentlemen receiving a very few lessons are able to commence on almost any set of books that have previously been opened on other systems. Having taught hundreds this important art, many of whom hold responsible situations as book-keepers in some of the most extensive houses in Boston and other cities, Messrs R. & S. feel confident that it is principally, if not altogether, the satisfaction they have given to their pupils heretofore, that has gained for them the extensive patronage which they have received the past year; and they would inform their fellow citizens that it shall ever be their aim to merit a continuance of the same.

There are many, very many persons, who, perhaps, keep their books correctly, but certainly do not keep them genteelly. The defect is sometimes owing to a bad hand-writing, and sometimes to the want of correct examples for imitation, to which may be attributed the loss of much valuable time and money on closing, if peradventure it be possible they can be closed at all.

Messrs R. & S. hope, that by an assiduous attention to a business in which they have had the good fortune ever to excel, owing to strict personal attention and good systems, to continue to receive the preference from the public.

Parents and guardians are informed that, at this School, boys are [illegible] and fitted in a faithful manner for the Counting-Room; and as Book-keeping and Penmanship are considered very essential requisites in the education of a young gentleman, they trust they can convey to the young mind some important and very interesting information.

Arithmetic will be particularly attended to; and Bonds, Promissory Notes, Deeds, Bills of Exchange, Invoices, &c. &c. drawn up in modern style. Also, a new and very simple way of computing interest and averaging accounts.

Persons wishing to receive any information on the above branches, are invited to call and make a cursory examination of the System as taught at this School.

Classes in session, Morning, Afternoon, and Evening, through out the week.

NOTICE.

☞ At this School pupils will be instructed in the duties of the Counting room, in an expeditious and thorough manner, and at the conclusion of their studies, will receive a certificate or recommendation from their instructors.

Clerks and Book-keepers will be supplied with situations from this establishment.

☞ The above regulations having been suggested by several merchants, and there being no similar establishment in this city, Messrs R. & S. beg leave to offer their services to their fellow-citizens from whom they have heretofore received an extensive patronage, and to whom they now offer themselves in the above business, viz.:

Supplying Merchants with quick and ready Penmen, and correct and well-informed Book-keepers. 6m o25

REMOVAL.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and customers that he has removed his stock from store No 34 to 14 Hanover street, where he continues to keep on hand the first quality of gold and silver Levers, Lepines and German Watches; Clocks and Timepieces; Music Boxes; Ear Rings and Finger Rings; silver and plated Spoons; silver and steel bowed Spectacles, of all ages and colored glasses; silver Thimbles; silver, shell and horn Combs; Pinques and Belt Clasps; Hair Brushes; Perfumery, and Pocket Books, wholesale and retail.

Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes and Jewelry cleaned and repaired in the best manner—charges moderate.

N. B.—Old Watches taken in exchange for new.

WILLIAM PRATT,
o1 tf 14 Hanover-st

CHARLES M. LEAVITT,

DRAPER & TAILOR, 26 Washington street, over Davis's Comb Store, has just received a good assortment of Broad Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, of the most fashionable colors. Also, Stocks, Gloves, Suspenders, &c, &c, which he offers on the most reasonable terms.

Clothes made in a superior manner at short notice.
o 6 op3m

BECKWITH'S ANTI-DYSPEPTIC PILLS.

THE Anti-Dyspeptic Pills have been most successfully employed in almost every variety of functional disorder of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Spleen; such as heartburn, acid eructations, nausea, headache, pain and distention of the Stomach and bowels, incipient Diarrhœa, Colic, Jaundice, Flatulence, habitual costiveness, loss of appetite, sick headache, sea-sickness, &c, &c. They are a safe and comfortable Aperient for Females during pregnancy and subsequent to confinement, relieving sickness at the stomach, headache, heartburn and many of the incidental nervous affections. Literary men, students and most other persons of sedentary habits, find them very convenient. Those who indulge too freely in the pleasures of the Table find speedy relief from the sense of oppression and distention which follow, by taking the Pills. As a *dinner Pill* they are invaluable. Those who are drinking mineral waters and particularly those from southern climates and ague and fever districts, will find them a valuable adjunct. Those who are expose to the vicissitudes of weather, on voyages or journeys, can take them at all times with perfect safety. In full doses they are a highly efficacious and safe Anti bilious Medicine. They seldom or never produce sickness at the stomach or griping.

The following history of the Pills, and evidence of their efficacy, has been furnished me by Dr B—

'Dear Sir: More than twenty years ago, I had resided several years in one of the principal towns in the low country in this State, employed in the practice of Physic, when, in consequence of an attack of Yellow fever, succeeded by a protracted quartan ague, I was compelled to change my residence, and settled in this city. My Liver and Spleen had become enlarged and their functions greatly deranged. I had frequent and obstinate attacks of Jaundice, with attendant, or perhaps consequent Dyspepsia, in many of its distressing forms. Agreeably to the usual medical treatment, different preparations of Mercury were used in conjunction with other remedies, but with the uniform effect of producing an extensive inflammation upon the skin, resembling Erysipelas, and known to Physicians by the name of Mercurial Erythema. I was at length obliged to abandon its use altogether, and to tax my resources for some substitute for Mercury, under such peculiar circumstances. After much investigation and many trials, the composition of these Pills was hit upon, and answered my utmost wishes and expectations. My health was perfectly restored, and although, since that period, I have had four severe attacks of bilious fever, a ising from exposure to the vicissitudes of a southern climate, while engaged in extensive professional pursuits, I have never taken one particle of Mercury in any form, and still enjoy sound health. Having, subsequently, frequent occasions to prescribe for cases of a similar character, but under a great variety of modifications, the Pills came into very common use in my Practice; and as the afflicted are usually communicative of their complaints and their remedies, each has contributed to extend the reputation and use of the Pills, till at length the demand for them greatly exceeds my leisure to supply. With regard to your request for certificates of their efficacy, I could furnish more than you would be willing to publish, from persons of both sexes, and among the most intelligent in the State; but I think it very idle, as they are seldom of any value beyond the immediate circle of the writer's acquaintance. I will, however, give you two which were sent me by Physicians whose integrity and professional respectability are sufficiently established. Beyond this, the Pills must rest upon their own intrinsic value. I am personally answerable for their composition, and for their applicability to the cases in which they are recommended. *They contain no Mercury, nor any other Mineral—they are purely vegetable.* To pretend that they are an *infallible* remedy in every state of disease for which they are recommended, would be nonsense; but that they have been proved to be more generally and extensively safe and useful than any other article of the sort with which I am acquainted, I confidently assert from ample experience. They have for many years been the established domestic medicine in many families in different sections of this State, as well as in my own.

'Yours, &c.
'JOHN BECKWITH, M. D.'

From the Rt. Rev Levi S. Ives, D. D., Bishop of N. Carolina.
'*Raleigh, March* 2, 1835.

'Having for the last three years, been intimately acquainted with Dr John Beckwith, of this city, and enjoyed his professional services, I take pleasure in stating that his character as a Christian gentleman and experienced Physician, entitles his testimony in regard to the use of his Anti-dyspeptic Pills, to the entire confidence of the public. My experience of the good effects of these Pills, for two years past, satisfies me of their eminent value, particularly in aiding an impaired digestion and warding off bilious attacks. Having been for a long time subject to the annual recurrence of such attacks, I was in the habit of resorting for security against them, and with very partial success, to a liberal use of Calomel or Blue Bill. But since my acquaintance with the Anti-dyspeptic Pill of Dr Beckwith, which he prescribed in the first instance himself, I have not been under the necessity of using Mercury in any form, besides being wholly exempt from billious attacks. Several members of my family are experiencing the same beneficial effects.

'L. S. IVES.'

For sale, wholesale and retail, at the Bookstore of
B. B. MUSSY,
o18 29 Cornhill.

DR. S. C. HEWETT, BONE-SETTER,

WOULD respectfully inform the public that his profession extends to general diseases of the limbs. During 19 years practice in Boston, he has had the satisfaction of curing Scrofula White Swellings 233; White Swellings from injuries, Rheumatism and Dropsy on the Knee 419; Hip Diseases 287; Tic doloreaux and Siatic affections, &c 341; Dislocations, Fractures, Sprains, Swellings and Inflammations 3363; Natural and Contracted Deformities 523; Curvatures of the Spine 42; Rheumatism 307; Paralytic affections and Loss of Power 260; Numb Palsy 112; besides a variety of similar cases. His charges will not exceed $1,50 a visit. Patients who cannot call on Dr H. he will visit them at their residences. Dr H. will receive visits at his Rooms, 297 Washington street, at all hours.

Dr H. will make charges against all patients; people in low circumstances will be liberally considered. Poor patients can receive advice gratis. eptf o8

ROGUERY—IMPORTANT CAUTION.

DR. BRANDRETH'S Vegetable Universal Pills having gained great notoriety by the cures they have performed, unprincipled venders of medicine, finding there is a great call for them in consequence, have had the audacity to forge the medicine. Now be it known to all men; that Dr. Brandreth's Genuine Vegetable Universal Pills can never be obtained of any vender of medicine, whether druggist or doctor, as neither are allowed to sell the Genuine Brandreth's Vegetable Pills, under any circumstances whatever. ☞ Be very careful all ye that want the genuine; and observe, ever when you purchase of the advertised agents, that Dr Brandreth's name is signed on yellow paper which complete envelopes the box.

[From the N. Y. Sun.]

A SHAMEFUL PROCEDURE.—We understand that Dr Brandreth's Pills are counterfeited by a man residing in the vicinity of Fulton Market. That any one can be so base who pretends to anything like respectability, is beyond our comprehension; however, we have seen the counterfeit, which is sold by many druggists who profess to be respectable. But we should like to know the difference between the moral guilt of the counterfeiter of a highly popular medicine, which has gained its reputation by its goodness, and he who counterfeits the circulating medium. They both are equally guilty, and both commit their crime for the same purpose, namely, to benefit themselves at the expense of others. ☞ Mark! No chemist nor doctor has the genuine medicine for sale.

For sale wholesale and retail at the Bookstore of B. B. MUSSEY, 29 Cornhill, Boston. Sold by Ives & Jewett, Salem; S. H. Colesworthy, Portland; M. D. Philips & Co, Worcester; [illegible] Rodenburgh, Charlestown.

N. B.—The Genuine article can be had only at the Bookstore of B. B. MUSSEY, 29 Cornhill, Boston.
o6 tf

DR JOHN H. DIX

HAS removed to No 1 Green street, Bowdoin square.
3m n25

S. W. [illegible]
PATENT IMPROVED TRUSSES.

MR. FOSTER informs those who desire an effectual remedy for the dangerous and distressing disease of RUPTURE, to call at his Residence, 290 Washington street, opposite Avon Place corner of Temple Avenue, up stairs, where he may at any time be consulted by those who wish his Trusses fitted to the particular case of the patient. All individuals can see him alone at any time, at the above place. Having had eighteen years experience, he has been engaged in the business, and has worn one of these Instruments [illegible] years. Although he has been fortunate in finding a [illegible] for himself for 15 years past, and for individuals to whom he is at liberty to refer.

Mr F. having been severely afflicted with the disease himself, since the age of 12 years, considers it desirable to possess a thorough knowledge of the business. He also had an opportunity of seeing a great number of individuals afflicted with the most distressing cases of Rupture, at the Hospital of the Charlestown Almshouse, of which his father has been the keeper for more than 22 years; and he is now confident he can give every individual relief, who may be disposed to call on him. He has separate apartments for the accommodation of different individuals calling at the same time, and has every convenience for fitting these important articles. All Trusses made and sold by him, will be warranted to keep the protruded parts within the cavity of the abdomen, or the truss may be returned and the money will be refunded.

Among the variety of Trusses made by Mr Foster, are Patent Elastic Spring Trusses with Spring Pads; Trusses without steel springs; these give relief in all cases of rupture, and in a large portion produce a perfect cure, they can be worn day and night; Improved Hinge and Pivot Trusses, Umbilical Spring Trusses, made in 4 different ways, and Trusses with Ball and Socket joints. Trusses for Prolapsus Ani; by wearing which, persons troubled with a Descent of the rectum, can ride on horse-back with perfect ease and safety. Mr F. also makes Trusses for Prolepsus Uteri, (better adapted to those who suffer the falling of the body of [illegible]) which have answered in cases where pessaries have failed. Suspensory Trusses, Knee Caps and Common Trusses are kept always on hand, charged at the lowest prices. Should any of the above not suit, individuals will be furnished with any of the following kinds to test with out any extra charge. Dr Hull's; Read's Spiral Truss; Rundell's do; Parr's do; Salmon's Ball and Socket; Sherman's Patent; French do; Marsh's Improved Truss; Bateman's do; Shaker's Rocking Trusses; Heintzleman's India Rubber Pad, made in Philadelphia; Twitchel's Gum Elastic Truss, manufactured at Fitchburg and Lunenberg, Mass. by Dr J. A. Marshall and G. Twitchel; Ivory-formed Pad Trusses; Stone's do, Double and Single; also Trusses for Children, of all sizes.

A variety of Instruments for decrepid persons, such as Shoes for deformed and crooked feet; Back Boards, &c. &c.

Mr F. will wait on individuals at their houses when preferred—he takes measure of infants at any age, and makes Trusses for both double and single ruptures, which may be worn without pain or inconvenience, and which in many cases will produce a perfect cure, in the space of six or twelve weeks, in such little children; he has had occasion to make a number of late, the Fathers and Mothers of whom he will refer to, as well as the Physicians by whom they were recommended to Mr Foster.

Individuals in this city have been cured of their complaints by wearing Trusses of his make for six or twelve months, so as to be able to leave them off; although some prefer never to leave off a Truss entirely, after having once worn one, as the inconvenience is but trifling. A good Elastic Spring Truss, made as it ought to be, and well fitted, would be no more trouble than the suspenders. Some of the individuals on whom cures have been effected, he is at liberty to refer to. He likewise informs individuals he will not make their complaints known to any one except when he is permitted to refer to them—it being a misfortune that young persons do not want their cases known.

Trusses repaired at the shortest notice.

☞ Ladies wishing for any of these instruments will be waited upon by Mrs Foster, at any of their homes or at the above place.

A 13 y J. FREDERICK FOSTER

THE DIFFERENCE.

IT cannot be denied that whilst many medicines which are recommended to the public, have not even the negative merit of harmlessness, there are others which it would be great injustice indeed and suicidal prejudice to involve, untried, in a common condemnation. And when a medicine comes endorsed with all the great profession, and warranted by the seal and signature of long and uniform success, its proprietor makes no unreasonable demand upon public confidence, when he claims for it a superior consideration.

THE CAMOMILE PREPARATION of Dr Evans is undeniably entitled to this enviable distinction; for whilst no medical authority in existence condemns it, every medical work which alludes to it, and every medical practitioner that is acquainted with it, freely acknowledges its pre-eminent virtues; and that the latter should do so in opposition to their personal interests, must be attributed either to their candor and love of truth, or to their unwillingness to fly in the fact of all observation, and the testimony of thousands.

DR. W. EVANS does not pretend that his Camomile Pills will cure all diseases. He frankly and conscientiously admits that they will not. He lays no claim to the discovery of the 'Philosopher's Stone, and wishes nobody to believe that he sells the Elixir of Life,' but he DOES SAY, and he DOES BELIEVE, and he CAN PROVE that in debilitated and impaired constitutions; in NERVOUS DISEASES OF ALL KINDS; in weakness of the digestive organs; in incipient consumptions, whether of the lungs or the liver; in the dreadful debility occasioned by the use of purgatives, in palsy, rheumatism, (more especially) in the sickness incident to mothers and females of relaxed nerves; in every case of delirium tremens, or that disease which is brought on by intemperance; in the wretched horrors of the mind and body which accrue from occasional inebriety, in loss of appetite, languor, melancholy, pains in the head, limbs, or side; in corrupt, sallow, and uncomely complexions, which arise from the bad state of the fluids; in all these cases, and in some others mentioned in the bills and directions given with his medicines; HE DOES SAY, that the CAMOMILE PILLS, interchanged occasionally with his APERIENT FAMILY PILLS, (the best known) which are sold with them will effect immediate relief; and if used but for a fair period of trial a perfect cure. This much is placed beyond doubt, by daily testimonies which would be given on oath; and for this much, DR W. EVANS, can conscientiously request confidence. He therefore need only add that his CAMOMILE PILLS, together with his excellent APERIENT PILLS can be obtained, wholesale or retail at No 7 Division street, New York and of his authorised agents, in town or country.

[illegible] references already given to the public, and others in possession Dr W, EVANS will now refer to Mr John Gibson, of North street Williamsburg, who has been troubled with the rheumatism for three years, and for nine months had to use crutches, he has been so far restored to health, by using a few bottles of Camomile, and a few boxes of Aperient Pills, that he feels able to go to work again.

Mrs Watts, 693 Water street, by using two bottles of Camomile Pills, has been greatly benefitted; she feels better than she has in a year previous. Her disease, dyspepsia and palpitation of the heart.

Mr Willard Snow has been cured of dyspepsia by taking two bottles of Camomile and two boxes of Dr W. Evans' Aperient Pills. His residence is 354 Washington street.

Stephen Amos, 127 Amity street, for a length of time past has been troubled with a load and distress at the stomach, indigestion and dizziness in the head. By using Dr W. Evans' Camomile and Aperient Pills, the complaints have been removed.

Mrs Rapelye, Middleton, Long Island, has been cured by using Dr W. Evans' Pills. Her complaint was dyspepsia.

Mrs Blackwell, 151 Madison street, has received great benefit by using the Camomile and Aperient Pills.

Capt J. Stewart, of ship William, has been so far restored to health, as to be enabled to attend to his business, having been unable to do so for a long time. His complaints were nervous irritability, with spasms, often languid, indigestion and palpitation of the heart. He has used four bottles of Dr W. Evans' Camomile, and three boxes of Aperient Pills.

Mr Israel S. Smith had a complication of diseases, such as indigestion, loss of appetite, lassitude and loathing; felt as if he did not want to see any one. By using three bottles of Dr W. Evans' Camomile and two boxes of Aperient Pills, considers himself cured; he is cheerful and lively, and says he has not felt so well for ten years.

Mrs Nolan, corner of Spring and Mercer streets, disease in the head, was obliged sometimes to walk the floor all night, the distress was so great—greatly relieved by using the Camomile and Aperient Pills.

TO THE LADIES. Amongst thousands of ladies benefitted by Dr W. Evans' Camomile Pills, Mrs M. Beaumont, (corner of Canal and Washington streets) has kindly allowed it to be made known for the benefit of others, that she was brought (by mental affliction) to a very weak and bad state of health, and pains in the side and head, was recommended to take Dr W. Evans' Camomile Pills, which she has done to comfort of mind, and restoration of health. MRS M. BEAUMONT.

TO THE AFFLICTED. For the benefit of the public, and in gratitude to Dr W. Evans, I consider it a duty I owe to make known the great good I have derived from EVANS' CAMOMILE PILLS. Having been five years afflicted with dyspepsia of the worst kind, I made application to numerous sources without benefit, and by the use of Evans' Camomile Pills, and three boxes of Evans' Aperient Pills, I have found signal relief fully to my satisfaction, and am more healthy than I have been for years. The symptoms (which were pains in the chest, weakness in the whole frame, heart-burn, flatulency, acidity, and head-ache) are all removed. I deliver this testimony over to Dr Evans for his and the public benefit, for it to be made known I hereby sign my name and address.

EDWARD RHODES, 35 Crosby-st, N. Y.

The following persons have been benefitted and cured of different complaints, as dyspepsia, consumption, billious and liver-complaints, headache, weakness, female complaints, nervous diseases, spasms and other of all those complaints for which all these Pills are so efficacious.

Mr SAMUEL McCULLEY, 431 Pearl street,
Mr J. VANDYKE, 62 Forsyth-st,
Mr J. GILLIS, Milton, Ulster County, N. Y.
Mr A. HAVET, 317 Broome-st,
Mr CLARK, 462 Water-st,
Mrs M. Thompson-st,
Capt JOHN CLARK, of ship Jefferson.

Dr W. Evans, Sir: That the public may be satisfied with the virtues of your Camomile and Aperient Pills, I will state that for a long time I have been suffering with a disease in my stomach, pains in my head and side, and often troubled with languidness, sometimes with pimples and blotches on my skin. By using a few of your pills I am greatly benefitted, and have not the least doubt they will effect a cure.

Respectfully yours,
D. G. CLARK, 88 Oliver street.

DR W. EVANS' Medical Office, is at No 7 Division street, near Chatham square, New York, where the Camomile or Tonic, as well as the Family Aperient Pills, may be obtained.

DR. WM EVANS, in addition to his Office No 7 Division-st, has opened an American Patent Medicine Warehouse, No 336 Broadway, New York, for the sale of all Genuine Patent Medicines. Proprietors of Patent Medicine are particulary requested to consider the advantages which such an establishment presents for the disposal of their articles. None but the genuine will be sold.

JAMES A. DICKSON, Sole Agent for Boston, 36 Cornhill.
a23 6m

MILK STREET TRUSS MANUFACTORY.
(*Corner of Milk and Bath streets, opposite Pearl-st.*)

THE undersigned has always on hand, a most extensive assortment of every description of TRUSS ever employed in Europe or America.

☞ *Different kinds of Trusses.*

Salmon's Brevet, pad in ball and socket, plain and bellows pad do; Kite pad; English improved Truss; common English do; Bull's do; Stone's do; Shaker's do; French do; India Rubber pad, made in Philadelphia; Marsh's New York do, improvement on Hull's; Umbilical do; Children's do, all sizes; Double do; for double ruptures; Bateman's improved do, &c.

CHILDREN'S TRUSSES—A great variety of these are now on hand calculated for all ages from three months old to maturity.

All persons who have been recommended to wear these instruments, or to whom they may have been recommended by their physicians, by applying as above, may have one exactly fitted to his body, on which particular adaptation its utility in a great measure depends.

Those who prefer having them made to order, will be waited upon by the manufacturer for this purpose.

J. F. WHITWELL.

☞ N. B.—Nearly every Truss made in the U. S. may be had as above, at manufacturers' prices. tf A 2

SELECTED POETRY.

THE MOTHER'S CALL.

Come sweet ones, come to the fields with me,
I hear the hum of the honey bee,
I hear the call of the gray cuckoo,
I hear the note of the shrill curlew;
I hear the cry of the hunting hawk,
The sound of the dove in [illegible] walk,
The song of the lark, the tongue of the rill
The shepherd's shout on the pasture hill.

My sweet ones, all come forth and play,
The air is balm, and I smell new hay;
Come, breathe of the flowers, and see how neat
The milkmaid trips on her [illegible] feet;
Young folks come forth all joy and run
Abroad as bright as beams of the sun;
Old men step out with a milder grace,
And matrons come with a graver pace.

The smoke streams up, and the air is rife
With joy, and all is light and life;
From east to west there's not a stain
In all the sky, and the birds are fain,
And the beasts are glad, while man in song
Breaks out for rain has lorded long,
And earth has drunk more than her need
To fill her flowers and nurse her seed.

Now, now ye come, my little ones all,
As the young doves come at their mother's call;
One run to you tall foxglove, and one
At his breakfast of balm the golden bee;
Another go hunt from bed to bloom
The worm that flies with a painted plume,
Or see the [illegible] load
Her twin [illegible] to the odorous mead,
Or mark the [illegible] newly flown,
With their tender wings and their crests of down.

But stay my children. Ere ye run,
Who made the sky and you glorious sun?
Who framed the earth, and strewed it sweet
With flowers, and set 'neath mankind's feet?
'Twas ONE in heaven. Kneel down, and lay
Your white foreheads to the grass, and pray;
And render HIM praise, and seek to be
Pure, good, and modest—then come with me.

MAN WAS MADE FOR WO.

Few are the joys that people feel
This world is sorrow all:
There's cold neglect in every look
From the kitchen to the hall.
At night the bed-bugs sally forth
And straight to work they go,
The crawling—biting—nasty things—
Sure man was made for wo.

And then when morning gilds the sky,
Though loth one is to rise,
Still the bugs to rest have gone,
Buz—buz—begin the flies!
And then new boots you must put on,
They pinch at heel and toe;
In agony you cry aloud,
'Sure man was made for wo!'

Dyspepsia *kills* your breakfast up,
In vain you try to eat,
No appetite for fish or flesh—
No comfort for your feet.
You crawl abroad—you hate the sun
Which just begins to glow;
A note you've got to lift that day,—
Sure man was made for wo.

In speed you travel through the street,
To raise the wind by *three*
You upset Nelly's apple-stand,
Ah! who can could like she?
A grunter runs between your legs,
Plump in the mud you go—
Behold your fashionable *tights*,
Sure man was made for wo!

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCELLANY.

KENNEBUNK PORT GRANITE. We find the following account of a 'Geological Wonder' in the New York Express. The discovery must be of almost incalculable benefit to the '*Maine Quarrying Association*,' by which company we are informed the Quarry is owned.

GEOLOGICAL WONDER. At the United States Quarry in the village of Kennebunk-port, Maine, where they are now quarrying large quantities of a strong, rich and beautiful granite—take it altogether, perhaps the very *best* building material on earth, inasmuch as with all its other good qualities, it rings like cast iron, works admirably and easily, and has been subjected to the heat of seven hundred by Professor Cleaveland, without flinching—the workmen have just discovered a *rift* or dyke, which, had it been planned by the most skilful engineer, and executed at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, for the sole purpose of draining the quarry and enabling the proprietors to work it to advantage, could not have been [illegible]. It has been cleared to the depth of twelve or thirteen feet in one place, and thoroughly sounded through its whole extent; is about six feet in width, of unknown depth, full of loose earth, which may be shovelled out, leaving a *straight, smooth, perpendicular wall* on each side, the whole extent of the quarry! It is now under contract and will be finished to the depth of twenty or twenty-five feet in some places, by the first of January, 1837. A covered drain will be left as they proceed. Thus it is that *nature*—perhaps it were not irreverent to say the *God of Nature*—provides ages and ages beforehand, for the wants of man! This dyke or fissure, which must have been caused by an earthquake or some other tremendous convulsion of our earth, centuries ago, for the walls are too smooth and soil too loose and uniform to admit of almost any other supposition, will be of immense advantage to the quarry, and could not have been *imitated* even by blasting, which would have ruined thousands and thousands of tons of this beautiful stone, at an outlay of not less than fifty or a hundred thousand dollars.

MEXICO AND TEXAS.—The state of Mexico is such, that it is not considered at all probable that any invasion of Texas will take place. The Mexican troops, amounting to 1400, are destitute both of clothing and provisions; and they have at present no commander-in-chief. General Bravo, it is supposed, will have the command. Texas is therefore left to provide for herself, and strengthen herself for any future invasion. The government has also an opportunity to become well organized, and the country to lay the foundation of prosperity. But from all accounts, the conduct of the government is extremely unsatisfactory.—Confidence is wholly destroyed, and the volunteers are throwing up their arms without having received their promised pay. The lands promised them are not designated, and may be barren or sterile. The money loaned by New Orleans to the government, and bills were issued, but no time or mode of reimbursement was declared. These bills are selling at a discount of 75 per cent, and in most cases command no sale at all. Thus disgust begins to be generated; and it would not be a wonder if after all the exertions, the loss of blood, the sympathy, and the sacrifices for Texas, she should prove herself corrupted and weak. There have been those concerned in her government, who have escaped from the scorn and contempt of their fellow-citizens in this country. This has never argued well for the future prosperity of Texas. There should always be an honest pilot for a ship in danger.

THE THEATRES.—The Post says that all the theatres were thin on Monday, owing to the bad weather. This is meant as an apology for the '*defy competition*' theatre, at the south end, which is miserably thin nearly every night. So far was the National from being thin on Monday, that we would willingly give *five hundred dollars* for its contents. Pit, gallery, and first and third rows of boxes were crammed.

An American brig from Trieste spoken off Long Branch reports that the cholera was raging dreadfully in that city.—The American Frigate Potomac was at Malaga for the protection of the merchants there, who are very much exposed to the ravages of the civil war.

CALLING ON HERCULES. A large rock in Francis was lately blasted, by boring a deep hole in it, and inserting an iron rod, twenty-eight feet long. On the occurrence of the first thunder shower, the lightning reached the iron rod, and the rock scattered its fragments to the four corners of the earth.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION. The powder mill of Mr Jacob Johnson, erected on the Swamp Creek, about three miles above Sarrytown, Penn. blew up on Saturday, and two men, John Wagner and William Koch, were killed.

STABBING. A colored man named William H. Lockwood dangerously stabbed a person named Allen in New York, and also the pugilist Blackburn in the arm. He was secured and carried to prison to await the fate of Allen.

FIRE AT TROY. Three brick buildings were destroyed by fire last week, in Troy. A boy named Andrew Peel, 16 or 17 years old, was consumed, and his remains dug out of the ruins.

CONGRESS.—The members of Congress are fast gathering at the capitol. The coming session will, we think, be one of great importance.

☞ This will be the last week of the exhibition of Maelzel's grand spectacle of the Conflagration of Moscow, with the additional attraction of Dixon, the American Melodist, and the much admired musical cabinet.

☞ We learn from an exchange, that London fog is about as thick as pea-soup. Had Hamlet lived in England, he would have thus found that it is possible to feed upon air.

EXECUTION. Lord Miller, the young man convicted of the murder of Whitaker, has been executed at Louisburgh, Va.

Large importations of hay are making in Scotland for this country.

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 2?, 1836.

Gentlemen—You are aware that there has been a [illegible] effort on the part of the managers of the Railroad and boat owners to damage the travel of passengers in the boat of Capt. Vanderbilt; and that the steamer Narragansett has been again and again pushed beyond her strength, so as to arrive earlier than the Cleopatra, on Sunday, so that her passengers might be detained in passing from Providence. Twice has the Narragansett injured her machinery so as to detain her each time about six hours, one of which times her passengers were taken on by the steamboat Providence, which accompanied her as a tender. Yesterday (Saturday) Capt. Vanderbilt changed his hour from 4 o'clock to 2, so that the hour would effectually anticipate the arrival of the Narragansett. The Corporation of New York, however, changed their hour to 2 o'clock, and their boat followed a few minutes after the Cleopatra. The standing rule was observed by the Captain of the Cleopatra, to pursue the even tenor of his way—he had no other than very common wood—the other turned at all points, exerted all the power of high steam, and had gained about 4 minutes in 20 miles, when she broke down and fired her signal rockets of distress. Capt. Reynolds promptly put back and took her passengers, and brought them to Providence—the Narragansett was left at anchor, and probably will be towed back to New York by the Massachusetts. What will the Railroad agents do under these circumstances? They refuse to carry the passengers of the Cleopatra, and cars leave only on the arrival of their own boats. Consistency is a jewel. I have dated the above as at Providence, but it is written off Point Judith; and as I am a passenger, I give you no more than is my personal knowledge. But one half is not yet told. As the Narragansett is the mail boat, the Postmaster, without promulgating the due notice, changed the hour of closing the mail from 3 to 2, thus deranging the Eastern Post Office system to the discomfiture, and perhaps injury, of New York and the whole eastern country—lending himself to an influence for petty purposes, in the competition of rival commanders—violating his duty in an office highly responsible.

Yours, JOHN W. RICHMOND.

We do not join without reservation in the cry issued by many citizens against monopoly and corporated bodies; but we do feel that there are monopolies now existing, truly odious—and of these not the least so is that by which the steamboats on the Sound, and the Boston and Providence Railroad, are made exclusively to assist each other. The above card, which has been published in one or two of the morning papers, will give an idea of the management of matters on this line of conveyances established for the *public convenience*. What! *is* the Long Island Sound the property of a company? Have the directors of the Railroad a right to *force* the public to patronise them—go in their cars and sail in their boats? True, there is not exactly the same government of cars and boats, but a majority of the directors in each are the same, which amounts to their being governed by the same officers. Let the public look at the matter. Let them see to what submission to the DECREES of the monopolizers of the Sound travel will bring them to.

FROM TEXAS. The Franklin Republican of the 29th ult. published at Franklin, Louisiana, announces the arrival there of Capt W H Attree, of the Texian army, from whom it was learnt that the army of Texas was 2000 strong, principally Americans, the main body encamped on the Las Bacar river, about 20 miles from its debouchere into Matagorda bay; that they expected no fighting until spring, and were well supplied with provisions, and arms and ammunition; that the day Capt. Attree left the camp, Capts Correo and Teel had arrived from Metamoras, whence they escaped, leaving 15 to 12 American prisoners, who were employed in sweeping the streets. That the Texian man-of-war David Crockett, of three guns, in which Capt Attree sailed from Velasco, was attacked in the Aransas Bay by two boats full of Indians (Carancawas) armed with guns and large bows and arrows; that after a short, but severe fight, the Indians were beaten off, with the loss of 10 or 12 killed, and as many wounded; while, on board the David Crockett there were none killed, and only two wounded, one of them the mate, Mr. Scott, badly in the knee, with a large iron-headed arrow.

THE ELECTIONS.—Official returns have been received from Pennsylvania, from all save three counties, which give 4,364 majority for Van Buren.

Forty-three counties have been heard from in North Carolina, which give Van Buren a majority of 3,226 votes.—The gain in these counties since August being more for Van Buren than the whole Whig majority at that time, the state is considered as certain for V. B.

In Kentucky the majority for Harrison so far is 4,384. The majority in Tennessee for White thus far is 219.

Counting North Carolina, Van Buren has now 120 votes, as only 146 are necessary to a choice, he will undoubtedly be elected by the people.

A SLAVE.—A yellow negro named Jesse was arrested in New York as a fugitive slave, and on Saturday the case came on before Judge Ulshoeffer. It was soon discovered that Jesse could not be the man, as he had lived in New York several years prior to the time which it was stated in the affidavit he had absconded. Said yellow man has a white wife, to whose longing arms he was instantly restored. Jesse has turned the tables on a Mr Edward R. Waddy, of Northampton county, Va. who appeared as agent on behalf of the claimant; and has caused him to be arrested for false imprisonment. A. O. Miller and Robt. Sedgwick, Esqrs, are the attornies now engaged on behalf of the alleged slave.

'THEY'LL NOT TAKE ME IN AT THE TREMONT, I KNOW.' On Friday night, a colored gentleman went to a lodging house at the foot of Vesey street, New York, where lodgers of all colors were accommodated for six cents a night. Not liking his bed, he got up at midnight, and passing through the scuttle of the next building, which he tried to open, with the intention of seeing what he could appropriate to himself from the garret below. But he slipped and fell from the roof into the street. As he fell from a three story building, he would undoubtedly have been killed, had not an awning in the street received him, from which he rolled upon the pavement. He sprang on his feet and made his escape.

A PERSEVERING STUDENT.—A small lad stepped into a bookstore and inquired the price of 'Webster's Spelling Book.' Being told that they were one shilling apiece, and being possessed of only nine cents in the world, he was entirely nonplussed. At length an idea seemed to have struck him. Says he, 'Mister, can't you find one that is torn, that you will let me have for nine cents?' The book merchant looked in vain. The boy was dispirited. At length another idea seemed to have struck him. Says he, 'Please Mister, can't you tear one?'

FIRE IN BROOKLYN. About nine o'clock on Sunday night, a fire broke out in the laboratory at the corner of Front and Fulton streets; the laboratory was totally destroyed, and the greater part of the interior of the house in which the drug store was kept. The flames also reached the interior of the adjoining house, used as a bank, which was considerably injured. An attempt was recently made to set fire to the same premises.

CORONER CALLED. An inquest was held on Friday, in New York, on the body of D. Nedderman, a German laborer, aged 25, who was found under the door of the store in which he was employed, in a dying condition. He soon after expired. It is supposed that the poor stranger fell down stairs, and injured himself so much as to cause his death.

THANKING. It is said that the good people of Charleston (S. C.) have set apart a day for thanking God on account of the removal of the cholera from that city, and the general health of its inhabitants. If the Charleston people deem it duty to thank God thus publicly for removing the cholera from their borders, how much more cause have we to thank Him, inasmuch as we have not been troubled with it at all.

STEAMBOAT FAME. This boat struck on a snag, during her run from Cincinnati to St Louis, with a large cargo of merchandise and furniture. She sunk, but the passengers were all saved; and it is thought that the boat and cargo will experience the same good fortune.

The Legislature of Rhode Island has appointed a committee to investigate the doings of the Railroad Company, and see if they have not been guilty of gross and unlawful impropriation. We say they have—and we sincerely hope that the examination will be untrammelled, and justice rendered.

Let the public travel in the swift, safe, and commodious Cleopatra, and let the Monopoly Line be taught that they cannot *force* the Yankees with impunity. Boston travellers do not wish to submit to a New York dictator. Go in the Cleopatra!

☞ Anybody in these times who has a hole in the pocket of his indispensables, large enough for a fourpence to leak out, had better get it mended straightway; and if his wife refuse to do it, he might much better give Kitty the maid a fourpence to handle her needle in the cause than risk the droppings of small silver.

NEITHER DEAD NOR SLEEPING. William P. Farren Esq. of Swansborough, N. C. whose death is reported in the Raleigh Register, has addressed letters to his correspondents in New York in which he positively asserts that he is not dead.

RAPE. The Newport Mercury of Saturday says, 'we learn that three Irish laborers were yesterday arrested at Fort Adams and committed to jail, charged with committing a rape on an unfortunate Irish female.'

SIX MEN MURDERED. A negro murdered his master named Hackey from Tennessee, and five negro men, with an axe. The murderer fled, and was last heard of in Mississippi.

The New Era says that the importers of foreign grain are making from fifty to one hundred per cent on their cargoes.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG. Some of the exchange papers say—'Two noble souls discover their relationship first, by the like love that they bear to a third.'

☞ Ashley, who was tried for the murder of his wife in New York, has been convicted.

☞ The Franklin Lectures commence to night. Secure your tickets early.

POLICE COURT.

Patrick Martin and *Edward Gillen* [illegible] the [illegible] for which [illegible] they were [illegible] by the [illegible] go not where.

John Flynn, *Thos Coran*, and *Wm McNulty*, [illegible] a [illegible] upon [illegible] charge of fighting, and [illegible] each other in the streets. Coran plead guilty. It appeared in evidence that Coran knocked down McNulty, and assaulted Flynn—the two latter appearing Coran in their own defence. Coran was fined three dollars and costs.

George Jordan, a large [illegible] fellow, whose dress approached as near to that of Adam and Eve in the days of their primitive innocence, as the reader would like to see, was placed upon the stand on the charge of being an idle vagabond, without a home, or any likelihood of obtaining one. He plead guilty, [illegible] in evidence that he drove team when he was able to obtain employment—that he did not often appear in such a situation as to encourage people to employ him—but slept in barns by night, and drank deep by day. Six months.

John Fitzgerald assaulted his wife and dangerously hurt her on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning she was confined. She came with [illegible] Court that she hoped he would not be [illegible] to the House of Correction—that he was industrious and behaved well when sober. In consideration of his wife's necessities, and consonant with her earnest wish, Fitzgerald was let off lightly. Fined three dollars and costs.

Mary Ann Harvey, wife of John Harvey, now in the House of Correction, was complained of as a common drunkard. She was sent to meet her loving husband at South Boston, and enjoy his blessed company for five months.

Winneford Mary, a very tall woman, was arraigned as a common drunkard. Sentenced to two months in the House of Correction.

—— *Clark*, for stealing a mahogany board, fined $1 and costs.

—— ——, for stealing clothing to the value of $5 from on board a schooner, walked off to the House of Correction for six months.

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!—Never was there such gloom upon the faces of our community as at the present time. Since the Revolution, it is said, there has not been such a dreadful pressure in the money market. The rates of interest for some time past have been enormous, and continually increasing—*and the state of affairs now existing cannot long remain without a general crash*. It is out of the power of our community to pay *two*, *three*, or *four* and *five* per cent a month, without speedy ruin. But not only must these exorbitant rates be paid, but in many cases there is no possibility of obtaining money at any rate. Undoubtedly much of the difficulty has been occasioned by those bloodsuckers on the interests of every mercantile community, *the brokers*. Yet it would be out of their power we conceive, to be the cause of all the distress and fearful doubts of the future which exist. There must be a scarcity of money—and the question is, *What is the cause?*

Upon this there have been all manner of speculations—but none which are satisfactory to all. It is deeply to be regretted that political excitement and party spirit in relation to our currency, banking institutions, and the disposition of the public lands, should prevent that union of our merchants by which some investigation of the present ruinous state of things might take place, and some relief be suggested and accomplished. While one party attributes the distress we labor under to the destruction of the National Bank and the removal of the deposites, another advances the opinion that it is from the multiplication of banks and false panics. Thus prejudice combats reason, and we cannot have a fair examination.

That examination must, however, take place, or general ruin will ensue. The community cannot continue in the present excited, dangerous, and awful state in which it is now sunk. Failures are taking place, and the only wonder is that so many have so long remained above water. All confidence is destroyed—no man will trust his neighbor. The banks are many of them believed to be withering.—*There is no security any where!*

What is to be done? Paper given at present rates for short periods even by rich men, must bring future and even more horrible distress than the present. Let our merchants meet and form some resolutions and have some discussion—*for something must be done!*

A TRANSACTION.—The following transaction which took place in this city during the last week will give some idea of the strait to which even the rich are reduced. A rich man had borrowed 10,000 dollars of an institution, which circumstances required that he should pay on such a day. He gave his notes to one of our banks for six months on interest, and obtained notes of the bank. He then paid a broker one per cent to get the money for him, giving these notes as security. The broker obtained the money at *two and a half per cent a month for six months*. Thus *eighteen hundred dollars!* were paid for the use of $10,000 for six months. How many can stand such sacrifices long?

FACTS. An Irish girl, [illegible] Charlestown, was speaking of her brother in Ireland. Being asked how old he was, she replied—'Why, let me see—if he were here now, he would be twenty *two* years old next January.'—A person desirous of buying some milk, said that he had seen a cow go into Mr G.'s yard, and inquired of the above Irish girl, if he would not be likely to get some milk there.—'No sir,' answered she. 'There is a cow that goes up their yard, but I believe she is no relation to them.'

A TEST. Persons who are desirous of procuring country girls for servants, and are afraid of being imposed upon by town girls under false colors, may satisfy themselves by setting the applicant at crumbing a bowl of bread and milk. If she be a town girl, she will put in so much bread that the milk will be nearly absorbed by it. On the other hand, if she be what she pretends, a country girl, she will merely sprinkle the pieces of bread on its surface, like a fleet at sea scattered by a gale.

CHOLERA. Some late experiments on the dead body of persons deceased of cholera, prove that deadly poison is in their blood. The same physician who tried these experiments examined the blood of persons who had died of other diseases, but found nothing of a poisonous nature in it. Rabbits were inoculated with both. The rabbit who received the Cholera blood died. The health of the one who received the other blood, was not in the least impaired.

INTEMPERANCE.—James L. Jefferson, the nephew of Thomas Jefferson, lately died from too free a use of the ardent. He was a young gentleman of fine talent and learning, and possessed a large circle of admiring friends. The vice of intemperance attacks all classes, high and low, without distinction—excepting that the miserly fellow who would not lay out a cent extra, on any occasion, escapes the evil.

☞ We learn by an exchange, that the ladies Down East wear one sleeve large and the other small. What else can you expect? We suppose that the sweet creatures are desirous of pleasing the editors—and as some are opposed to small sleeves, while others denounce the large ones, the ladies think that to please *both parties* they must wear both kinds at once.

HORRIBLE! We understand that a boy by the name of Ezra Waite, who was playing near a bark mill in Charlestown, Saturday afternoon, fell in, and before he could be extricated, his foot and the lower part of his leg were ground off, or so badly injured that amputation at the knee was considered necessary.

AWFUL DEATH. On Saturday evening, Mrs Vond, wife of Mr James Vond, residing in Sea street, went into the wood-shed with a candle in her hand, and while there fell down in a fit. Her clothes took fire, and before assistance arrived, she was so badly burnt that she expired in about an hour. Every rag of clothes was burnt off of her body.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says that the Texas schooners Brutus and Invincible, lying at New York, were seized on Saturday, on a warrant issued by Judge Betts, *in rem* in the custody of the Sheriff—probably for debt.

CONUNDRUMS. Why is a man riding a horse fast up hill, like the same man giving a young girl a young dog?
Ans—He gives a gallop up (*A gal a pup*).
Why should a hand Organ yield the best of music?
Ans—Because it is directed by a handle (*Handel*).

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES. It has recently been decided by the Tribunes at Paris, that the original articles in the newspapers cannot be copied into other papers until the expiration of five days, in which time they will have traversed the whole kingdom. Several have been sentenced to pay pecuniary penalties for violating this law.

ARREST FOR FORGERY. Mr Samuel Hayward of New York, has been arrested on a charge of forging notes on Messrs Brown & Bell for the sums of $515,36 and $47,50, and one on Webb & Allen, and getting them discounted at the Chemical Bank.

MURDER. Mr Francis Devire, in the neighborhood of Spring Creek meeting house, Rockingham County, Va, has been barbarously murdered, as is supposed, by one of his slaves. The slave has been committed to the jail in Rockingham.

Bennett says he was robbed of five hundred dollars at the time that he was pounded by Hamblin, and has offered a reward of fifty dollars. The New Era says he should offer a reward for some one to believe him.

BURNING COAL. A dreadful fire at the coal mines in Picton, has paralyzed the trade between that port and Quebec. Added to this, the crops have universally failed, and the most distressing results are apprehended.

APPLICATION. The answer of the dandy to the tailor's boy, will admit of very general application in the present state of affairs. 'Tell your master to pay his own debts, and not trouble himself about any of mine.'

☞ Some men are very tall, while others are small in stature. If all men were of an equal height, this disparity would not exist.

EDITORIAL FLOGGING. The New Era of Friday gives the following account of an assault of Mr Hamblin upon Bennett the editor of the New York Herald. The result unfortunately deprived the chastisement [illegible].

Yesterday afternoon, between four and five o'clock, Mr Hamblin, who had long been outrageously assailed and calumniated by the infamous Bennett, walked into the Herald office, in company with two or three *friends*, to give him a [illegible]. Hamblin being a powerful man, brought his friends merely to bear witness that he did not strike him with any weapon, nor resort to any unnecessary violence. Having informed the wretched slanderer of his intention, he took him gently by the hand, slapped him in the face so as to make him involuntarily blush for his [illegible] then slowly squeezed him by the throat until the [illegible] was raised to an appropriate black, and his eyes [illegible] their usual sunken propinquity to his nose, [illegible] and contrary position.

The wretched creature having fallen to the ground from exhaustion, began to beg for mercy, and for a chair, with both of which he was accommodated. Drawing another chair closely in front of him, Hamblin sat down, placed both of his hands in the iron grasp of one of his own, and amused himself with talking subdued tragedy to him, and spitting in his face, until the irksome coward sobbed and screamed most piteously. In this interesting position, he disclaimed any ill-opinion of Mr Hamblin's character in any respect; said he believed him to be a worthy and honorable man, said that he should not have libelled him, if he had not been hired and paid for doing so. Knowing that a single blow from his powerful arm would have sent the wretch out of the world, Mr Hamblin magnanimously forebore to inflict one; but making his ears *ring* three or four times more with the palm of his hand, and giving him a contemptuous kick *a posteriori*, left him to write his own version of the interview. That version will, of course, be a false one; but the account we have given, was related to us by three respectable persons who were present, and witnessed every incident that occurred. We understand that his next punishment is to be tarring and feathering; but we think, he ought merely to be sent to Blackwell's Island, for his daily violation of the laws.

G. W. DIXON. On Saturday evening last, moved by considerable curiosity to hear Dixon sing, we went to Congress Hall. We found it well filled, and the performances were worthy of the applause they received. The Melodium is a wonderful instrument—and deserving of more attention from the ingenious and musical than it has received. The Conflagration we need not praise—it stands firm enough already. We wish to speak particularly of George W. Dixon.

We found him a far better singer than we anticipated.—Indeed, his merits, so far as his musical abilities go, great applause. He possesses considerable taste and some culture. His voice is a very superior one—of immense compass and more than ordinary power, with many tones of superior sweetness. On the whole we consider him a singer far above the ordinary grade.

Now let us give this man some advice—and as we make it in good feeling, he must receive it in the same. He must remember that in order to succeed in any measure, some character is necessary—and a small bit of reform in his manner of conduct would materially conduce to advance him in public estimation. First—

He must not imagine himself to be a model of the Belvidere Apollo; and when he sings, must not attempt to look more than ordinarily sentimental—inasmuch as his phiz in such a predicament belies his intentions most abominably.

He must never put another man's name to a piece of paper under circumstances that *look* like forgery.

He must not write long puffs of himself and the pieces that the Chevalier Neukomn is composing for him, when the Chevalier probably knows no more of him than of his grandmother, and he must not send such puffs to the Dedham Patriot.

He must not call himself the agent of any paper, (the Herald for instance) when the publishers thereof would have their heads cut off sooner than to have anything to do with him.

He must not take subscriptions for a paper, as if he were its agent, and *forget* to say anything about the same to those who have most interest in the money—the Publishers.

He must not get advertising done when he don't mean to pay for it.

He must not be fool enough to attempt to edit a newspaper.

He must not call himself the American Melodist.

We hope he will take our advice, for we certainly think him a very decent singer.

On Tuesday evening, the Roxbury Lyceum was favored with a lecture from Hon. Daniel Webster. A strong desire was manifested to hear that gentleman, and a large audience of the most intelligent of both sexes, listened with delight to his lessons of instruction. The lecture, as a whole, was a most useful performance; its tendency was to correct public opinion, or to keep it in a right channel as it respects many of the leading interests of our community. It not only showed that knowledge is power, but that the same power thus acquired, is exerting itself to swell the [illegible] but is, in our country, the natural [illegible] do, but in turn assisted by education, may become a capitalist. He most forcibly illustrated the truth, that science gives to art its efficacy, and that those machines commonly called labor-saving machines, are properly labor-doing machines, injuring no one, but benefiting every one. He also proved that the concentration of capital in the form of corporations is necessary to perfect the great work of human improvement. He paid a passing tribute to the mighty minds, whose intellectual lights have aided in the advancement of the wealth and glory of our country. The cause of temperance, which has done so much to rescue our race from degradation and infamy, was not overlooked. In a word, lessons from a source at once so high, cannot fail to have their salutary influence.

[COMMUNICATED.]

PARAPHERNALIA—REDOLENT. Mr Editor—Will you tell me the meaning of the words *Paraphernalia* and *Redolent*? I have never seen them used to imply their true meaning. In the last Galaxy the latter word is contained in the following line of rhyme—

'All *redolent* with bloom.'

Now a former editor of the Galaxy used to say redolent meant smelling. Let us substitute the latter word and see what kind of poetry we shall have,

All *smellingly* of bloom.

Capital, isn't it?

The Theatres say in their bills announcing some humbug spectacle 'Paraphernalia of the most costly kind, by Mr ——.' Now Walker says Paraphernalia means 'Goods in the wife's disposal.' A piece got up with such *machinery* ought to draw at any rate.

Perhaps you have different definitions for the words; if you have, out with it, I pray you; it is a matter of dispute among SIX OF US.

EXPERIENCE VS THEORY. On the recent trial of Ackley, for murder, Dr David L. Rogers, when under examination, was interrogated by the Court, as to the degree of sensibility, or sensitiveness, in the flesh, muscles, and bones of the human frame:—'as to the latter,' said he, 'it possesses no sensibility or feeling whatever, 'tis true it is a prevalent and vulgar, although an incorrect notion, that the bone is sensitive; that, however, is untrue, for there is no such thing as pain in the bones.' 'I'll be d—d if I believe it,' said a gentleman who was sitting in court, 'for I am now suffering most infernally from rheumatism in my jaws, and I am sure that that pain is in my jaw bone, and nowhere else.'

The above is from the New York Transcript. We know not how badly the gentleman was afflicted in the part complained of; but it is very evident that his *jaw* was not *laid up* with the rheumatism.

OSCOLA CAPTURED. The Washington Sun states on the authority of a gentleman who arrived the day before from the seat of war in Florida, that the celebrated Seminole chief, Oscola, had been captured by a party of Creeks under Gen Jesup, during an engagement the day before the gentleman left. The individual Creek who succeeded in first securing the captive, received $1000 from Gen J. and was promoted to a lieutenancy. Gen Jesup stated as his opinion that the war could not now last a fortnight. The Sun appears to have no doubt of the correctness of the above information.

MOGG MEGONE.—This delightful poem by Whittier, which we hesitate not to pronounce one of the finest poetic efforts accomplished by any American, has been published in a small and beautiful volume by Light & Stearns. The poem since its former appearance in the New England Magazine, has been increased nearly *one third* by the author, and many corrections have been made. It should receive a rapid sale.

DR. GRAHAM AND DR. SLEIGH.—In our paper of today will be found the reply of Dr. Graham to the remarks of one or two correspondents in relation to his difficulty at Dr. Sleigh's lecture. We know nothing of the circumstances except by report, so that we are guided as the public must be, by the best representations of the truth. Dr. Graham seems to have well succeeded in exculpating himself from blame.

SHIPWRECK. Ship Bristol, McKown, from Liverpool, bound for New York, went ashore at East Rockaway, on Monday last, and has gone to pieces; vessel and cargo totally lost. Of 120 persons on board, 32 only were saved, including officers and crew. Those lost, were mostly steerage passengers.

ACCIDENT. On Tuesday an American named James McFarland, was instantly killed on board of ship Forum, at Long wharf, by a hogshead of tobacco falling on him.

ANOTHER. A caulker and graver named Isaac Simpson, fell, on Tuesday morning from the rigging of the brig Autumn, a distance of twenty feet, striking his head upon the side of the vessel. He broke his arm and fractured his skull very badly.

AMUSEMENTS. Blitz is a most wonderful fellow and makes his spectators doubt the identity of their own vision. He draws well. The Conflagration, also, is well patronized.

MANUFACTURING AND AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS OF NEW ENGLAND.—If an examination should be instituted into the causes of the high price of provisions in the New England market, we imagine that some other origin should be discovered than usually attributed to it. It seems to be an anomaly, if matters and things that with every description of merchandise at a high price, and money so scarce as hardly to be procured at any price, provisions should maintain the exorbitant rates which is demanded for them. But we must not look at this seemingly inexplicable situation of affairs, and seek to resolve it by the common rules of political economy. It is owing to more latent causes.

It often has happened in the history of nations, that the three great sources of national wealth, Commerce, Agriculture, and Manufactures, have become unequally balanced; and, of course, the course of business is interrupted. Let it be supposed, for illustration, that a people had turned its whole attention to agriculture. Should a commercial fever rage, and large numbers, forsaking their former sources of prosperity, bend their attention to the new object, while agriculture would be comparatively deserted, commerce would be overstocked with followers, and thus distress be the consequence. This has often happened from unequal attention to the great branches of prosperity; and we think that the apparently peculiar state of the market for agricultural produce may be, on the same grounds, satisfactorily explained.

We have a constantly increasing population—we question whether any country of modern times can boast so rapid an advancement in this respect. There is then a demand for agricultural productions, so extended that of itself with much greater attention to agriculture, an advance in the market might reasonably be accounted for. To supply this increased demand, and at the same time to preserve the same prices, it would be necessary that the farming should keep pace with the mercantile and manufacturing interests. Farms already in a good state of cultivation would be required to produce a greater abundance, and waste land be converted to tillage. The point to be decided is then, is such the fact?

We have no statistical facts to ground our opinion upon, and we know not whether it would be possible to procure any, to make sure of the truth except as far as appearances and reasoning will decide it—but we *feel* assured, and upon careful observation, that while the commercial and manufacturing interests have been greatly enlarged, agriculture has been comparatively neglected. So *far* from the farming population having increased as it ought in direct ratio to the increase in the other branches of business, it has in any thing *fallen off*.

There are then not only more mouths to be filled, but fewer to fill them.

We do not hazard this as an assertion, but consider it supported by manifest evidences. Our factories have multiplied in every quarter. The protection duties on foreign goods render it an object to engage in manufactures, and comparatively good wages are paid for labor. Many farms in the western part of New England have been devoted of late to the 'growing' of sheep, and others to the raising of silk worms. At the same time, the sons and daughters of our husbandmen instead of multiplying the agricultural strength, go into the factories, and thus cut off provision for future supplies. Not a small number of farms, especially in the vicinity of large places, have been cut up for other purposes, thus diminishing the produce. Let all these various causes be put together, and the causes of the rise in the price of agricultural produce is satisfactorily explained. The great summing up is, that *there is a constant increase of consumers, and a decrease of producers;* and until a reaction shall take place, we may expect butter to be thirty cents a pound, meat a shilling, and be contented to import bread stuffs from Europe.

We may continue the subject to-morrow.

MR HARRINGTON—Sir: I will not for a moment entertain the suspicion that you are disposed to treat me unfairly or unkindly. I am convinced that the article which you published concerning me, on Monday morning, was what you believed to be substantially true,—and therefore I am sure you are willing to correct any mistakes into which you may have been betrayed. I have given a full account of the affair in the Mercantile Journal of last evening, and therefore will now only very briefly correct the principal points of error in your article.

On Friday evening last, I went to hear Dr Sleigh's lecture. Before commencing his lecture, he voluntarily introduced the subject of his own character and motives, and the slanders that had been uttered against him, and gave *general* explanations. Knowing that several specific charges had been published against him, which he did not on this occasion notice, I respectfully asked if I might be permitted to call his attention to them, for the purpose of an explanation from him. Permission being granted by the audience, I honestly disclaimed all intention to injure or embarrass Dr Sleigh. I then stated what had been published in pamphlets and papers against him, and said that there was reason to suspect that all the charges were misrepresentations if not falsehoods, and that they originated in jealousy or malice, and that my only reason for bringing them before Dr Sleigh's mind on that occasion, was, to afford him a public opportunity to meet them, and put them down; [illegible] ready and willing to do. I did not, therefore, interrupt Dr Sleigh—I waited till he had done speaking on the subject, and then respectfully asked and obtained permission to speak. I did not denounce Dr Sleigh—but merely stated what had been published against him, and *gave my opinion against those publications*. I did not say he had '*seduced*' *a female*—but said the publications accused him of having defrauded her in money transactions. I did not say I had received letters from Philadelphia—but that I had received pamphlets and newspapers from New York, six months ago. Capt Pelham *did not* say he knew Dr Sleigh and his family in England, &c—but he stated expressly that *he did not know* any thing about him till he came to take his passage on board his ship. He stated that during the passage the Dr behaved like a gentleman and a christian. I was not 'obliged to escape privately'—but remained in the hall, sitting on the stage in the full view of the audience, till the exercises of the evening were closed; and after that, continued at least half an hour on the stage in conversation with a number of Dr Sleigh's friends; and before I left I had an interview with the Dr himself.

The misfortune of the whole matter is, that, notwithstanding all my efforts to the contrary, Dr Sleigh and his zealous partisans have entirely mistaken my motives and design, and believed me to be acting with hostile intentions towards the Dr—and they have felt and acted towards me accordingly.

From the tone and manner of the communication which appeared in your paper of Tuesday morning however, there is reason to believe that other feelings than that of holy indignation against me on account of my conduct to Dr Sleigh are in exercise towards me. It is not probable that a solemn and sincere regard for the Bible and the interests of christianity, would induce any man to express himself in such a manner against me, whatever he might think of my conduct in the case in question.

I freely acknowledge that the partisans of Dr Sleigh in this matter, have a right to sit in judgment on my *actions*—but they have no right to attribute motives and intentions to me, which I have from the first solemnly disclaimed:—nor have they a right—however obnoxious I may be—to punish me by misrepresentation and abuse. Yet if they choose to continue this course, I shall not contend with them. I have no fear of the ultimate effects on my character.

Yours with respect,
S. GRAHAM.

Boston, November 23d.

P. S. I respectfully request Mr Buckingham, Mr Walter and other Editors who have copied your article, above referred to, to copy this reply also. S. G.

On the first Wednesday in December, the electors of President and Vice President will assemble at the capitals of their respective States, to cast their votes for those officers.

ELLEN TREE. Miss Ellen has received a present of a splendid ring set in diamonds, from an anonymous admirer, on which is engraved, IN ION U. X. L.

SPECIE. There was imported at New Orleans, from Oct 15, to Nov 3, $418,627 in specie from Metamoras and Tampico.

HOFFMAN'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

AN infallible remedy for Gout and Rheumatism. Perhaps there is no two diseases to which the human frame is subject that the physician meets with more reluctance than Gout and Rheumatism, or in which the best efforts of his skill are so baffled, and the most scientific combinations of his remedies prove so often useless in their anticipated effects, as in these painful and distressing complaints. Yet, painful and tedious as these diseases are, the proprietor of these Pills has an undoubting confidence that in all recent or ordinary cases this remedy will be found immediate and infallible; and in all cases, even those of the longest standing, a relief—and if the remedy is persisted in a few weeks, a cure. Although all ordinary cases are cured in a few hours, still the proprietor does not wish those whose constitutions are broken up, or whose limbs have assumed a malformation from intensity of disease, to understand that their complaints can be removed in a moment; on the contrary, an alleviation only can be expected at once, and the entire removal of the disease will be the work of time, and the perseverance in this medicine, which will be found more beneficial and more speedy in its operation than any other medicine known to the proprietor. In Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatic Headache, Lumbago, Sciatica, and Rheumatism in the face, they are equally efficacious. The Genuine Hoffman's Pills are sold only in Boston at the Drug Store of the subscriber, Nos 104 and 108 Hanover street, corner of Salem street. Price 75 cents per box. ANDREW GEYER.

o13 3m

COUGHS! COUGHS! COUGHS!

VEGETABLE COUGH COMPOUND, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Side, and all diseases of the Lungs. This valuable Medicine has been extensively and constantly used for several years past, and so unfailing has been its effects in all cases in which the lungs were not ulcerated, that it is now recommended to the public as an infallible remedy and relief for all the above diseases. It is composed entirely of vegetable ingredients, and perfectly harmless in its operation. The genuine is sold only at GEYER'S Apothecary shop, 104 Hanover street, corner of Salem street. Price 37½ cents. 2m n16

LADIES' CAMBLETEENS.

E. F. NEWHALL, 179 Washington st, has this week opened a large assortment of Cambleteens, Alpines, Gro de Nap Merinos, Cashmere Cloths, English Merinos, French and German Thibet cloths, Habit Cloths, and other Fashionable Goods, of the choicest dark shades for Ladies' Cloaks and Habits, at the lowest prices n5

CORINNE, OR ITALY.

BY Madame de Stael. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. n10

F. A. HAWLEY,

HAVING completed his assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, offers for sale—

200 dozen Plaited Stocks, of various styles;
500 " Linen Collars and Bosoms;
200 " Buck Mitts and Gloves;
100 " Fur Lined Gloves, different kinds;
100 " Stock Frames;
150 " India Rubber and other Braces;

Also, a large quantity of the various kinds of Flannels, Woollen Gloves, Umbrellas, Cravat Pads, Pantaloon Straps, Satins and Bombazines, at HAWLEY'S Stock Factory and Furnishing Store, No 6 Elm street, Boston.

o10 6

NEW BOOKS.

THE Miscellaneous Works of Henry Mackenzie, Esq., containing 'The Man of Feeling,' 'Man of the World,' 'Julia de Roubigne,' &c., complete in one volume.

Paulding's Works, Volume 9. Containing the diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan; by Hector Bull-us. The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man, by the Author of 'Hope Leslie,' &c.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
o29 2m 133 Washington street.

ENGLISH ANNUALS FOR 1837.

THE Oriental Annual, with twenty-two plates.
Jennings' Landscape Annual, with twenty-one plates.
The English Annual, with sixteen plates. For sale by
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
o29 1m 133 Washington street.

THE BILLINGS AND HOLDEN COLLECTION OF ANCIENT PSALMODY.

BEING a Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems, &c. published as originally written—principally selected from Ancient Authors, together with a few tunes never before published; in which may be found many beautiful pieces from Billings, Holden, Law, Holyoke, Mitchell, Swan, Belknap, Kimball, French, Brown, Holt, Wood and other eminent American and European Composers. Published under the patronage of the Boston Billings and Holden Society. Just published by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
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WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.

FOR sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.
n12

WOOD AND BACHE'S

UNITED STATES DISPENSATORY, 3d Edition, received at the Bookstore of MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.
n12 3w

PATENT FRENCH RAZORS.

MARSH, CAPEN & LYON have just received per ship Chatelemagne from Paris, another assortment of Praddier's Patent Razors, which they offer at a less price than they have ever been previously sold for in this city.

Gentlemen in want of a prime article can find one at 133 Washington street. 1m n12

THE CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

VOLUMES 29, 30, and 31, containing Herodotus, translated by the Rev. William Beloe.

The Rambler in Mexico, 1834, by Charles J. Latrobe. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.
n12

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

MARSH, CAPEN & LYON have received a supply of the above popular Annual, at 133 Washington street, where may be found The English, Landscape, Oriental, and all other Annuals, for 1837. 1m n19

NEW BOOKS.

JUST received—The Young Lady's Friend. By a lady.
Protestant Jesuitism. By a Protestant.
For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON n5

CAPT. MARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.

MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY. By the Author of 'Peter Simple.' In two volumes—this day rec'd by
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
o8 133 Washington st.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

THE undersigned would respectfully give notice to the former patrons of the 'American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge,' and to the public generally, that the copywright and all the stereotype plates of the above work, have been purchased by Messrs BODWELL & BACON, and that it will be published monthly as heretofore, at Nos 18 & 20 Cornhill, Boston, at which place subscriptions are invited for the third volume, the first number of which will be issued early in October. A constant supply of the first and second volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, will be kept for sale at the above office. For the information of those who are unacquainted with the character of the work, it is proper to remark, that the leading objects in the publication, are to disseminate useful knowledge, and to afford rational amusements to all classes in the community, and that its columns will not be suffered to become identified with the interests of any party or sect.

TERMS.

The work will be published in monthly numbers of at least 40 pages each, making a volume of 500 large octavo pages at the close of the year, including a table of contents and title page, also about 200 finely executed engravings on wood, representing views of cities, public buildings, likenesses of eminent men, remarkable natural scenery, &c.

The subscription price will be Two Dollars per year, payable in advance.

Any person who shall remit to the publisher in Boston, Ten Dollars, will receive Six Copies of this Magazine for one year; and any number of persons, uniting their subscriptions for the purpose, who shall remit Thirty Dollars, as above, will be entitled to Twenty Copies for one year.

Any responsible person disposed to act as Travelling Agent in procuring subscriptions for this work, will receive additional encouragement, proportionate to the amount of service rendered.

☞ All Post Masters are hereby authorized and requested to act as Agents in procuring subscribers upon the terms above named, and in remitting the amount of their subscriptions.

☞ All orders and letters relative to the Magazine, will be addressed, *free of postage*, to
NOYES P. HAWES,
Publisher of the Am. Magazine,
o8 Nos 18 & 20 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.
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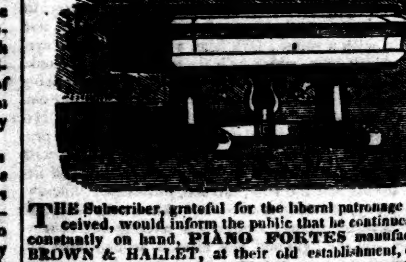

THE Subscriber, grateful for the liberal patronage he has received, would inform the public that he continues to keep constantly on hand, PIANO FORTES manufactured by BROWN & HALLET, at their old establishment, corner of Washington and Essex sts. Their instruments are made in the most perfect style, of the best materials, by first-rate workmen, and are warranted to be equal to any others in point of tone and freedom of action and style, and will bear examination; and they are willing they should stand upon their own *merits*. They pledge themselves to make good instruments, and will abide by the unbiassed judgment of Professors, whose scrutiny he solicits. The instruments will be sold at the lowest cash price. All orders from abroad shall be executed as faithfully as if the person purchasing came to the Factory. The Pianos can be so packed as to be sent to any part of the country in perfect safety. Ladies and gentlemen are invited to 'drop in' and look before they purchase elsewhere.
SILAS ALLEN, JR
s17 istf

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DEALER in Wines and Liquors, W. I. Goods, Butter, Cheese, Fruit, Flour, &c. wholesale and retail, Broomfield street, near the Broomfield House.

Bottled Porter, Ale and Cider, at wholesale; Roasted and Ground Coffee.

He also offers for sale a large Spring stock of Refined CIDER, by the barrel or in bottles, as low as it can be bought in the city.

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A LARGE assortment of Merino, Cashmere, Highland and Glascom filled Shawls. The Highland Plaid Shawls are large, best quality, and handsome patterns. The Merino, blk, white and red, of Heneguin's best manufacture, and large sizes, Selling cheap, at WHITE'S,
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THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general that he keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Marble Chimney Pieces, which he intends to sell on the most reasonable terms.

Also, Freestone and Flagging, for the outside of buildings, which he can furnish in first-rate order to any amount.

He likewise offers himself as carver on any kind of stone, marble, brown stone or granite, according to any one of the five orders.

He agrees also to make Marble Monuments, Tomb Stones, &c. in good order, and sell them ten per cent. less than they can be purchased in New England, of equal quality and workmanship, and as he is generally known through the leading cities of the Union in his branch of business, he flatters himself he will have a small share of public patronage.

JOHN BYRNE, Haverhill-st., near the Warren Bridge.
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